

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE POOR MAN WHO CAME BACK RICH

FARMHOUSE GIVES UP A SECRET

REFUGE OF A HUNTED PRIEST

A Grim Reminder of the Bad Old Times

MYSTERY OF THE WALL

An old dwelling, Salesbury Hall, Lancashire, which is now occupied as a farmhouse, has just yielded up a secret unguessed for centuries.

Up above an old ceiling exists a secret chamber, eight feet by five. In the old days, when priests hid from Protestants, Protestants from Catholics, Cavaliers from Roundheads, and Roundheads from Cavaliers, all our great old houses were honeycombed with such places.

This one is said to have been the hiding-place of a Jesuit of bygone days, a Father Campion, who was eventually hanged. In his day the cheerless little sanctuary was reached by a ladder, which his friends would remove after his ascent, when the trap-door could not possibly be distinguished from the rest of the ceiling.

Hundreds of Hiding Places

Hundreds of these hiding places, perhaps thousands, existed in Tudor and Stuart days. They were called priest holes, but they served many purposes. There were several secret staircases, doors, rooms, tunnels, false cellars, bogus chimneys; kennels in the cellars, sanctuaries in the panelling, strong secret fastnesses in the turrets and battlements, in the timbering of the house, in the ceilings, in the masonry of the great stout walls of the period.

Ghost stories are all nonsense, but no tale of hiding can be more improbable than things that actually happened. Nothing Scott ever wrote in his romances excelled the ingenuity displayed in the hiding of some of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators in 1605.

A clue led the law to Hindlip Hall, near Doncaster, in pursuit of Father Garnett, the Jesuit, and Nicholas Owen, his Jesuit servant.

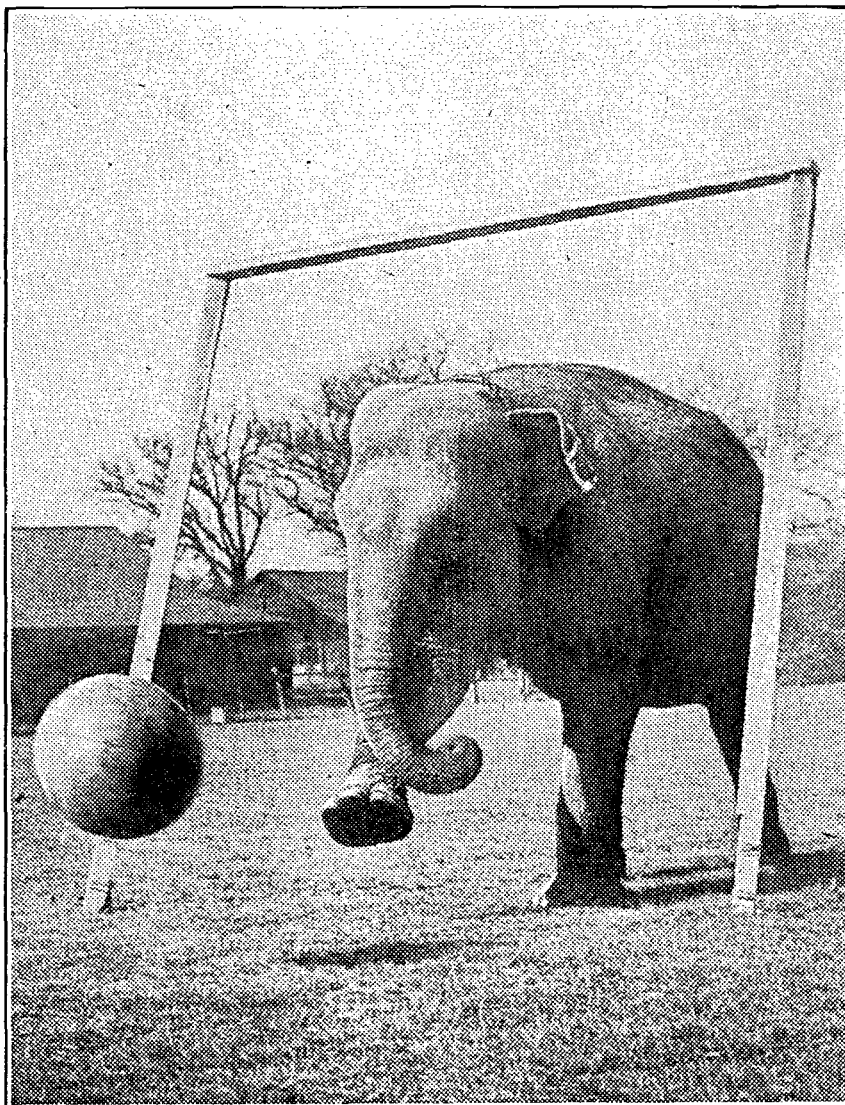
Two Men Appear

Owen was a master architect of secret hiding places. As Gundulf the Weeper gave his life to the building of the Tower, so Nicholas Owen devoted his astounding talent to riddling English homes with these secret places, masterpieces of skilful contrivance, which arouse wonder and admiration even in these days.

But the time came when Owen and Garnett had to seek shelters of their own devising, and they went to Hindlip Hall. There officers sought them, arriving without warning, to be assured that neither hiding place nor fugitive existed in the building.

Great labour led to the discovery of the cells in the heavy masonry over the

The Elephant Scores a Goal



This elephant is quite a skilful football player, and is here seen kicking a goal in fine style, the ball, of course, being made large in proportion to the player

embattled gateway. At the dawn of the fourth day nothing further had been found, but then a panel in the wainscot of a gallery opened, and out came two men, starving, for they had had only one apple between them all the time. One of them was Owen, the master mind of the hiding places.

Still Garnett did not appear, and the search went on till 11 days had passed. Then the wretched priest and a companion staggered forth out of a tiny citadel in the great chimney.

The two prisoners had been fed with soups and cordials through a reed passed through a hole in their chimney wall from a chimney in an adjoining room, but the confinement had at last proved too irksome and compelled the captives to come forth, to certain death upon the gallows.

From time to time these old places come accidentally to light. A panel moves, a hearthstone rises or descends, a stone pillar revolves, and a tale of wonder and mystery is suggested, of which the secret is forgotten, the key lost with the bones of those for whom the chill and cheerless sanctuary was originally devised.

We have lost the art of making such

places now, and it will be a sad day for England if ever we have to find it again. In a land of freedom and liberty there is no need for secret chambers. They are only found where tyranny holds sway.

QUEER EXPERIENCE WITH A WELL

A magnetic oil-boring at Boryslaw, in Galicia, lately behaved very queerly.

A boring for oil is made by thrusting down sections of steel tubing. Some of the poles and some of the steel screw bits used in the boring became loose and slipped down. They were got back.

But, when they were recovered, not only were they strongly magnetised, which the engineer says is not uncommon in oil-fields, but the magnetism had been strong enough to make them cling to the sides of the steel casing, so that in moving it up and down while fishing for them they had become twisted and bent.

Even the steel on the derricks outside the well sometimes becomes magnetised. Ideas of magnetised mountains have always been common. Captain Cook named an island on the East Coast of Australia Magnetic Island. But a magnetic well is a novelty.

A TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL

LIFE AS IT IS SOMETIMES

The Queer Lodger Who Turned Up Again

A BLESSING ON THE HOUSE THAT SHELTERED HIM

Here is a fine story to remind us that there is nothing too good to be true.

A man is living in England today, wealthy and happy, who a little time ago was poor and outcast. He had but a few pence, no employment, no friends. He had sunk down to that level which is the dread of all respectable citizens.

One of the L.C.C. lodging houses, which are arranged to take in such unhappy people, gave him shelter for about two months. No one knew anything about him. He did not talk of his troubles or his former life. Day after day passed, and the people in the lodging house, calling him "queer," learned to leave him alone to his thoughts, which set him pacing about the corridors, hour after hour, alone.

The Two Visits

Queer though he was, he was respected. And the people who least understood him felt that something was gone from their midst when one day it was announced that he had been moved on to Westminster Infirmary.

They talked about him a little, and hoped the poor old man would have kind hands about him when he died. It did not seem that he would live long.

They forgot all about him until a few days ago, when a man drove up to the L.C.C. lodging house in a nice car. He was well dressed, well groomed, and looked like any other man. The people in the lodging house heard with amazement that this was their "queer old man." Fortune's wheel had taken a sudden turn and sent him flying up into the world from which he had so slowly sunk away.

Fortune Smiles

Money had come to him—an inheritance of some seventy thousand pounds.

Before the people who had known him had quite got over their wonder, the "queer old man," looking very young and happy, had made them some presents and walked out.

He has been again and again, remembering in his new estate those who were around him when days were dark.

People on whom Fate suddenly smiles do not always behave thus. But this man has thought a great deal, and has a philosophy of his own. Perhaps he knew those lovely lines of Tennyson:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;

With that wild wheel we go not up or down:

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd:

Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud:

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD BY WIRELESS? MOST INTERESTING THINGS

The Fine Chicken at the Ambassador's Banquet

AMERICAN PRESIDENT HEARD IN BRISTOL

C.N. readers have sent us a number of answers to our request for unusual things heard by wireless. They, in many cases, have been heard by many listeners. Some of them, indeed, by ourselves, though we have not much time to spare for the telephones.

Some of the incidental hearings not in the programme are the tap of the conductor's bâton, at the Eiffel Tower concert, calling the band's attention for a start; and the announcer's breathing before he mentioned the piece—a breath that travelled from Paris to South Wales.

A happy conclusion to a birthday party held in Glasgow was the hearing in Edinburgh of the kisses with which the party broke up.

The Cornet in the Street

A Hertfordshire listener reports three transmissions from 2 L O of which those who made the sounds were quite unaware. During the Children's Hour one of the Uncles was accompanied as he spoke by a faintly heard cornet. "Children," he explained, "what you hear is a man playing on the Embankment." After the National Anthem had been played in a theatre, someone remarked, as he passed out, "We shan't catch the eleven-thirty train tonight."

But perhaps the best of these remarks not meant to be heard was before the speeches at the dinner given to General Smuts. Said one cautious guest to another, "We shall have to be careful what we say as I believe they are going to broadcast the speeches tonight." The warning was too late, for the instrument was already at work!

A Durham listener has heard Big Ben chime to what seemed the musical background of a Salvation Army band, which must have been in the street below.

A Fine Chicken

A very curious and entirely involuntary transmission reached a fireside in Suffolk from a banquet table where Sir Auckland Geddes was welcomed home from America. Just as the applause following a speech by Mr. Clynes subsided, the voice of a guest was heard, "This is a fine chicken, is it not?" And another guest agreed it was!

All the British Isles seem to have heard Captain Eckersley, the B.B.C. engineer, breathing heavily as he began with gasping haste a most interesting speech, which he opened by saying that he had "just run upstairs."

From the Newcastle station a lecture on bee-keeping was illustrated by the buzzing of bees in the microphone.

At Bristol, on a two-valve home-made set, a listener heard, "for the most part quite loud enough to be understood," the speech of President Coolidge at the Abraham Lincoln Anniversary Banquet in New York.

We shall give further contributions in later issues of the C.N., and shall give a guinea for the best.

ROBERT BURNS'S WIFE

A very interesting fact was mentioned the other day at the anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, an excellent institution which gives help to authors in distress.

Speaking of the difficulty such an institution has in making its work known the chairman mentioned that he believed that during the Fund's existence only two names of those helped by it had been revealed to the public: one was the famous French writer Chateaubriand; the other the widow of Robert Burns.

EGYPT'S 8000 YEARS

The Oldest Nation and the Youngest Parliament

"AMONG THE FREE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD"

Egypt, the oldest of the nations, has opened the youngest of Parliaments.

In the course of her history of something like 8000 years, it is questionable if she has ever before had a real, independent Parliament elected by the will of her people; and it goes without saying that no nation has waited so long for the day when it should rule itself.

The British Prime Minister has sent to the Egyptian leader, Zaglul Pasha, one of his friendly letters, which faithfully outlines the British attitude towards Egypt. Mr. MacDonald says:

I assure Your Excellency of the goodwill and friendship with which we welcome the youngest of Parliaments, and of our confidence that this day will be found to mark an important step in the advance of Egypt, the inheritor of the oldest civilisation, among the company of the free and progressive peoples of the world.

We trust that the Egyptian nation under Parliamentary government may enjoy an era of happiness, with peace at home and abroad.

Egypt is now added to the long list of States whose freedom on democratic lines has been made possible by British management and good feeling. May her people have the wisdom needed to make popular government a success.

SINGAPORE

Government Saves Millions

RELYING ON THE LEAGUE

After long and careful consideration the Government has reversed the decision of the last Government to spend £11,000,000 on docks at Singapore, commanding the route between India and Australia.

This does not mean, as some people seem to suppose, that our trade in the East and our great Dominions in the south are to be left unprotected. We already have a huge naval base at Singapore, with docks, stores, and everything necessary to refit all but the very biggest battleships.

What has been decided is that the ships the Singapore base can accommodate may safely be left to look after our interests in that part of the world at a time when there is not the smallest prospect of war there, when the only Powers that could challenge us there are our friends, and when the strictest national economy is essential.

But the strongest reasons for the decision are neither military nor financial. The Prime Minister and the nation believe in the League of Nations, and want to see international differences settled by peaceful means and not by force. The Government wants to show that it relies on the League rather than on force for the maintenance of our rights, and this is what the present decision will help to do.

If our peaceful policy fails at last, and the League does not become the power we hope it will, then we may build the docks, and there will be time. But to build now would be to help the League to fail, for it would cast doubt on our own faith in it.

PARTNERS IN GOODWILL

Prime Minister and America

Nothing would please the Government more, said the Prime Minister to a friend leaving on a preaching tour in America, than that when it left office it should have drawn the American people closer to the British people, not for the purpose of sharing in the wealth of the world, but as partners in establishing peace and goodwill upon earth.

LOST SON COMES HOME

War Story with a Happy Ending

THE MYSTERY OF MEMORY

Cases of lost memory have been heard of frequently since the war, but some of them are open to doubt. News of an authentic case comes from Torquay.

Three sons of Sir James Knott, of that town, once the head of a line of steamers, joined the army when war broke out.

One of them, Thomas William Garbutt Knott, who was in New Zealand when hostilities began, enlisted there as a trooper. His brothers at home joined the army as officers. One became a major, and the other a captain, and both were killed.

Thomas, from New Zealand, landed on Gallipoli, and there was also reported as killed in action. Sir James Knott retired from business overwhelmed by the loss of his three sons, a desolate millionaire.

Now comes a romantic and more cheering sequel. Thomas was not dead, but having lost his memory was returned to New Zealand with his comrades. Time has now brought back remembrance of his past, and a knowledge of who he was, and he has returned home to his parents as if from the grave.

Everyone will rejoice that fact once more, in this happy way, eclipses fiction.

A GREAT MUSICIAN PASSES ON

Organist of the Abbey

One of the most popular and universally respected of British musicians has joined the great majority.

Sir Frederick Bridge, for 43 years organist of Westminster Abbey, had the gift of making all men think well of him, and deserving their esteem.

No man of our time took a part in so many celebrations as he. As a boy he was at Rochester Cathedral for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. There his father was choirmaster and he a choir boy.

He was organist at Manchester Cathedral for six years before going to Westminster. His was a musical family, for his brother was organist at Chester Cathedral, a conjunction of Bridges which led to Sir Frederick being known as Westminster Bridge.

At the Abbey he played the organ for the two Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, and at two Coronations. It was at the time of the Coronation of King Edward that, after he had been much interrupted by applications for tickets of admission to the Abbey, he posted a notice on his door: "Sir Frederick Bridge has no tickets, no time, and no temper."

Notwithstanding that notice, he was one of the most genial and approachable of musicians. As a composer of sacred music he was as well known as in his public work of organist, and he had just completed an operatic setting for words from Dickens when he died in his 80th year.

Sir Frederick lived a full life, worthy of the noble Abbey in which so much of it was spent.

THE MOUNTAIN THAT SHINES BY NIGHT

Is It Full of Radium?

In the Pacific wilds of New Britain, in the Bismarck Archipelago, is a mountain of which the crest and sides shine with a strange light, and mariners report that those who go near suffer from a painful rash of the skin.

The glow can be seen for miles, and it is certainly not caused by any volcanic phenomenon. Scientists believe that the light is due to radium or some radio-active mineral in the rock, and an expedition is to be sent out by the Australian Government to make borings.

THE CAMEOGRAPH

Machine which Copies a Statue

A NEW SORT OF PORTRAIT

By a Scientific Correspondent

An invention which chisels out a beautiful sculpture by machinery, guided only by a photograph, which was described in the C.N. two years ago, has been brought to such perfection that a sculpture studio has been opened for its development in London.

Captain H. M. Edmunds, the inventor, is the son of a well-known engineer, who described the other day how most of the details of the instrument were worked out by his son in the trenches during the war.

To make a photo-sculpture the sitter is placed in front of a lantern which throws an image of hundreds of fine parallel lines on the face. Two cameras are placed one each side of the sitter, and photographs are taken of him in which these lines appear more or less wavy according to the contours of the face.

The mechanical sculptor is a very ingenious instrument which can interpret these waves as relief. At one end of a lever is a pointer; at the other end is a drill. If the pointer be drawn over the lines, one by one, and traced exactly along their wavy pattern, each time it is moved to one side to follow a curve the drill digs downwards: the bigger the wave of the line the deeper the drill works. Side to side motion is translated into up-and-down movement.

The drill so guided carves out a picture in relief, which gives a faithful portrait of the sitter, and from this a bronze statuette or plaque can be made.

Many applications can be made of Captain Edmund's invention. Beautiful statues can be copied without removing them. Miniature models of beautiful buildings can be produced, and models can be made of all kinds of specimens for scientific purposes.

The cameograph, as the inventor calls it, marks another big advance in the history of photography.

SEA WATER FOR LONDON

The New Zoo Aquarium

The ever attractive Zoo is to be more attractive still. Next week the new Aquarium under the Mappin Terraces will be open to the public, and visitors will be able to see the ways of fishes they have never seen before.

In a double row of tanks, with plate glass sides, round a gallery 150 yards long, we shall all be able to watch tropical, sea-water, and fresh-water creatures, while we silently walk on a rubber floor. Does it not sound delightful to the mental ear?

Twenty-five tanks will contain our fresh-water fish. In 25 more tanks sea-water fish, in sea-water brought from the Bay of Biscay, will display such seldom seen denizens of the deep as giant congers, turtles, dog fish, and octopuses, and better known cod, soles, lobsters, and so on. The 40 tanks for tropical fish will show the wonderful colouring of fish which, before, one had to travel far to see. The sea-water tanks will have their water renewed from a reservoir containing 120,000 gallons.

New York has an aquarium of this kind, and two million people visit it every year, so London has to do something big if it beats the record of attendances. The cost of the new aquarium has been over £50,000.

No institution in London repays a visit more richly than the Zoo, and now everybody, no matter how often they have been to it, will have to go again.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Boryslaw	Ba-re-slawt
Chateaubriand	Shah-to-bre-ahn
Elisée	El-e-zay
Papau	Pah-paw
Singapore	Sin-gah-por

THE BOAT RACE

A GREAT PEACE CONTEST

Splendid Symbol of All that is Best in English Life

THE FIRST WINNING BOAT STILL IN EXISTENCE

The 75th Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is being rowed on the Thames today, and all over the English-speaking world keen lovers of true sport will be anxiously awaiting the result.

The Boat Race is undoubtedly the greatest of all sporting events, and it is peculiarly an Anglo-Saxon institution. Foreign nations find it difficult to understand the excitement and interest which this contest between two boats arouses.

Why is it that we all love the Boat Race? Why is it that everyone wants to see it? And why do we regard a man who has rowed in one of the university boats in the great race as a man to be much envied?

Playing the Game

The reason is that the Boat Race stands for all that is best in human rivalry and healthy sport. No other event seems to illustrate better what we mean by the phrase "playing the game."

Each man who rows has, for months past, put his whole power and energy into making himself fit and efficient, not for his own sake, not even for the sake of his college, but for the wider cause of his university. No deprivation or self-denial has been too great. Palatable food, legitimate pleasure, and ordinary comfort have all been given up, and stern work has been made the habit of life. Every man wants to win the race for his university's sake; but if the other crew is the better then he is ready and willing to yield the palm, and he rejoices in the triumph of the good sportsmanship of the other side as though his own boat was the victor.

A Splendid Spirit

It is a splendid spirit, and the world would be the better if we could have more of it—in sport, in politics, in business, and in our social life.

It is interesting to remember that the Boat Race is a great peace event. It originated in the reign of George the Fourth, when the long Napoleonic Wars had given place to the great peace.

The history of George the Third's reign comprises little more than a series of wars, to bear their share in which the flower of the nation's youth flocked. From noble to artisan, as on a more recent occasion, the whole of the active energy of the people was enlisted to fight for the nation's freedom. Naturally the universities took their part, and for long years they were without the more vigorous, physically, of the young manhood of the nation.

Healthy Rivalry

When, however, the wars had ceased and a universal peace had settled down on Europe, then the universities drew once more into their arms much of the physical energy that had hitherto been engaged in the wars. This had, naturally, to find an outlet somewhere, and as few sports can vie with rowing in drawing forth and cherishing pluck and determination, and in calling for so much endurance and perseverance as a duty to oneself and to others, it is natural that rowing was taken up keenly at the universities.

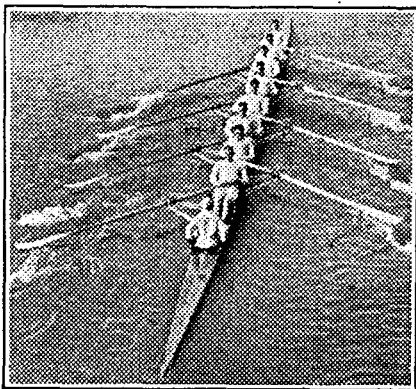
The fact that both Oxford and Cambridge stand on the banks of rivers has helped to encourage the sport, and it was not long before a healthy rivalry between the two universities sprang up.

The first Boat Race took place on the Thames at Henley in 1829, when Oxford won, and from that time to this the interest has never flagged. The boat in which Oxford won that first race is still preserved at Oxford.

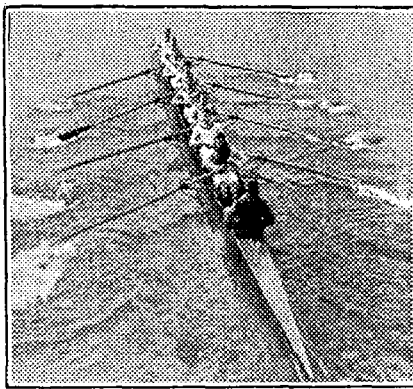
We all love the Boat Race; we all look forward to it year by year; and we all hope that, whatever other old customs may cease, the Boat Race will never die.

Pictures on this page

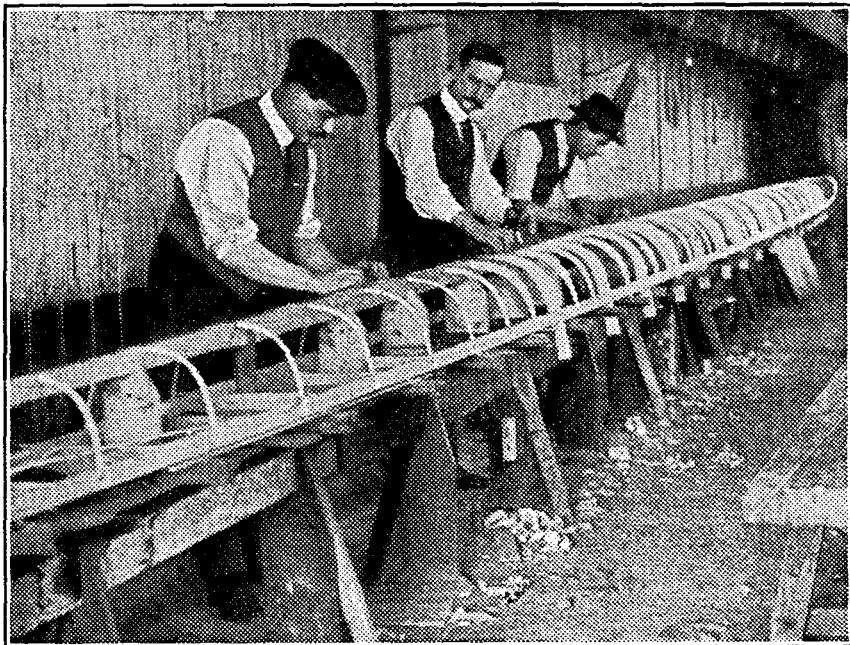
MEN AND BOATS FOR TODAY'S RACE



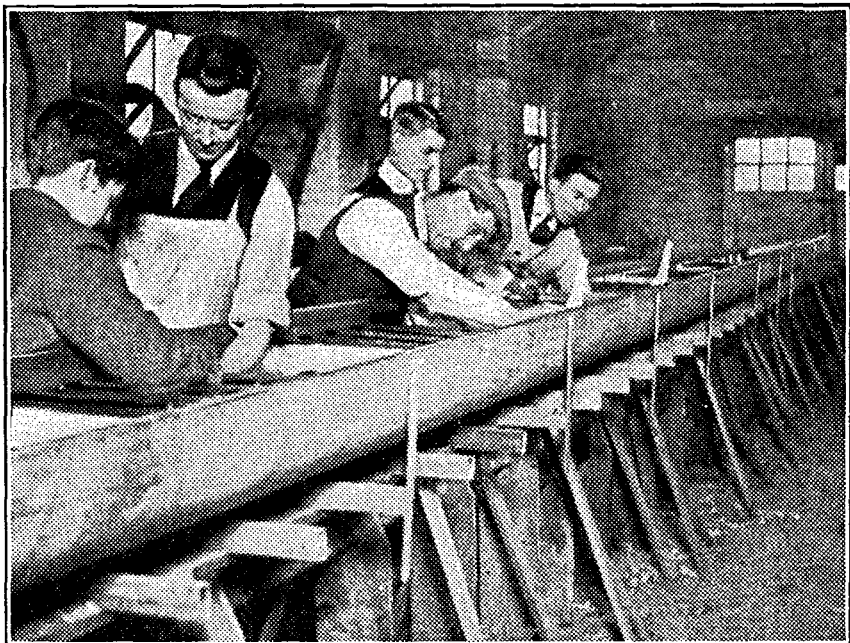
The Cambridge crew



The Oxford crew



Building the Cambridge boat



Building the Oxford boat



Weighing the new oars of the Cambridge crew



An Oxford man practises in a captive tub fitted with a mirror

The Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Race takes place today, and these pictures show the men and the boats that will be the competitors. This event is without doubt the finest and most interesting event in the world of sport. See previous column

EDISON AND THE OLD FIDDLER

A GREAT MAN'S GOOD DEED

Friend of the Inventor's Early Days Tells Some Stories

FIRST ELECTRIC LAMP

Last summer Thomas Alva Edison, the great inventor, went on a camping tour with Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone, and at one of their stopping places they were delighted with the playing of simple jig tunes by an old Michigan fiddler, Jeph Bisbee.

Edison is deaf, but it amused him to see the keen enthusiasm of the old fiddler, and, talking to him, he promised that sometime he would arrange for the old man to hear his own playing on the gramophone.

An Old Man's Delight

Not long ago he sent for Bisbee to come to his home, and had him play into a receiver, records being made of the tunes, which were afterwards played to the fiddler, to his wonderment and delight. It was a kindly deed, typical of the great inventor, who is not only full of fun himself but likes other people to enjoy fun, too.

This story is told by Francis Jehl, who for 45 years has been one of Edison's chief assistants, and, apart from his chief, is the only survivor of the little band of men who helped Edison to perfect the electric lamp we use today.

Mr. Jehl gives another example of Edison's love of fun, and tells how, when he first went to see the great man with a view to becoming one of his workers, he was chased into the laboratory by a bear, Edison roaring with laughter at the scare his visitor had received.

Making Friends

I hurried toward the long, white-painted, two-storey frame house that was Edison's laboratory (says Mr. Jehl). I was thrilled, and more than a little awed. I was about to see the greatest inventor in the world. You can imagine how my heart was thumping; how I was besieged by fears as to the sort of impression I might make on Mr. Edison.

As I approached the front porch I caught sight of a great shaggy mass lying under a giant hickory tree beside the house.

"Ah," I thought, "Mr. Edison's pet dog!" It occurred to me that I might win some slight favour with Mr. Edison if I could make friends with his dog, so I thrust out my hand to pat the animal.

The next instant I was rushing up the stairs of the laboratory, the worst scared young man who had ever entered the place. For the animal under the tree was a brown bear. I forgot all my carefully-rehearsed speeches, forgot everything I had planned to impress Mr. Edison. I dashed into his laboratory, panting and dishevelled, looking apprehensively behind me for the beast which I felt must be at my heels.

Mr. Edison laughed heartily when I burst in on him, but it was a laugh that endeared him to me for ever.

A Curious Lamp

Mr. Jehl tells us that when Edison was experimenting with his incandescent electric lamp he one day laughingly took a hair from the whiskers of a Scottish friend named Mackenzie, and used that as a filament. The Edison-Mackenzie lamp, as Edison laughingly styled the bulb, burned with a peculiar reddish glow. "And what would you expect, boys," he said, pointing to the colour of the light, "when we've used such fiery whiskers as those?"

When the inventor first experimented everybody predicted failure for his lamp. "Never mind, boys," said Edison to his assistants, "they'll not only be reading by incandescent lamps soon, but they'll be running their elevators and sewing-machines, and cooking their meals by electricity, too."

That was in 1879, and now it has all come true.

CARRYING A RAILWAY UP THE ALPS

GIGANTIC TASK BEING ACCOMPLISHED

Strength which Must Stand Against an Avalanche

NEW CHAMONIX LINE

The enormous difficulties encountered in making a mountain railway of the cable kind where the slope is very steep is illustrated by the construction of such a railway now in progress at Chamonix, in France.

This new cable railway is to carry people to an altitude only 3000 feet less than that of Mont Blanc.

The line begins at the village of the Pelerins, near Chamonix. On its way it crosses the climber's path to Mont Blanc, and reaches the Col du Midi, commanding the snow-covered White Valley, where winter sports will be carried on all the year round.

The last station is at the foot of the Needle of the Midi, well known to Alpinists as a difficult test of their climbing powers.

Begun in 1909, and taken up again only in 1922, the construction of this gigantic cable line has presented enormous difficulties, especially in the bringing up of materials.

Laying the Trails

Engineers first had trails made so that mules might be employed, but the plan did not prove successful, for the beasts could not carry loads more than four yards long, because they had to pass sharp windings on their narrow way. The burdens had therefore to be reduced, and this caused delay, with greater expense.

Some of the pieces of machinery weighed 1000 pounds, and these were hauled on mountaineers' backs. A cable carrying the load slid on the shoulders of 25 men, who played the part of a wheel and slowly ascended the slope as another party of men-tractors dragged on the cable attached to a pulley. In August 1910, when wading across a bed of snow two feet deep, they were not able to advance more than 45 yards a day.

Building the Foundations

The transport of the cables was no less toilsome, as one yard of cable averaged 32 pounds in weight. Lorries could tow them up as long as the slope did not exceed an incline of half a foot a yard; but farther on, when the gradients became steeper, blocks of masonry had to be built all along the way, and to them was anchored a lorry whose motor set going a windlass which drew the huge reels up to the point where they were uncoiled.

Another difficulty of this gigantic enterprise lay in the building of the foundation for the works, which required an extraordinary solidity, especially in places close to the path of avalanches, which are the most dangerous enemy.

When the Avalanche Crashes

Avalanches break up at a great height and crash down the slopes with incredible speed, sometimes falling 6000 feet. The avalanches of white dust, made of pulverised snow and icicles, are extremely dangerous owing to their terrible swiftness. In a few seconds they fall 3000 feet, and produce such an enormous displacement of air that they can sweep down whole forests.

In order to resist these fearful assaults many pylons have to be erected and provided with masonry bulwarks to break up the torrents of snow.

The new cable line covers a distance of nearly four miles, and its higher gradients do not exceed two feet a yard. It includes eight stations altogether, and the engineers expect to construct two of the stations every year.

CANADA BROUGHT NEARER

Railway to Hudson Bay Nearing Completion

NEW LINK OF EMPIRE

The next year or so will probably see the completion of the Canadian railway to Port Nelson, Hudson Bay, the last link in the new route from the Dominion to Europe.

Bringing the greater part of Western Canada well over 1000 miles nearer to Liverpool, this route should be available for at least three or four months in the year, during which time great quantities of the prairie grain crops and cattle could be economically marketed.

Besides this, the railway is opening up a district that is fabulously wealthy in minerals, furs, and fish.

The navigability of Hudson Strait has always been a doubtful question, but it is now thought the difficulty can be overcome.

One remarkable thing about handling ships so close to the Magnetic Pole is that the compasses often refuse to function properly.

The journey from Liverpool to Eastern Asia would be 8000 miles shorter via Hudson Bay and Prince Rupert, than by the Suez Canal, and 3000 miles shorter than by the American route.

So far five millions have been spent on the project.

BIRD GOES 6000 MILES

A Swallow's Long Flight

A South African farmer, who was in the Great War, has picked up in the Transvaal a dead swallow with a ring round its leg bearing the inscription: "Witherby, High Holborn, London, A9591," and he gives in a Transvaal newspaper his reflections on that strange link of association between his home so far away and London, which he knew during his furloughs from the front.

Of course it does not follow that the swallow flew from London. Mr. Witherby is an expert in the study of the migration of birds, and the ring with his name on it is supplied to other students of the same subject, with a request that whoever finds the ring should inform Mr. Witherby when and where it was picked up, as he is a collector of facts.

The ring may have been put on the bird's leg wherever Mr. Witherby's researches are being helped, and the A9591 will identify where. But, wherever it was attached, the migratory flight probably exceeded 6000 miles.

SAFETY TUBE FOR X-RAYS

Wonderful Dutch Invention

The new X-ray tube invented in the famous electrical works of Eindhoven, where over four thousand men are engaged in the manufacture of electrical instruments, has just been completed, and numbers are arriving in London from Holland.

It is a wonderful tube, because it throws out a beam of X-rays in the manner of a little searchlight which can be directed on any given spot, so that no more fear of the dangerous burns produced by stray rays need be felt. The tube is so simple that it can be held in the hand, and the beam of rays can be so finely regulated that absolute uniformity of work is assured.

It marks a step forward of enormous importance in the history of X-rays.

METALS IN OYSTERS

The fact that healthy oysters contain quite a variety of metals in their bodies has lately been revealed by investigations in the Government laboratory.

Traces of tin, copper, zinc, iron, and arsenic are found in all oysters, arsenic being found to such an extent that two dozen oysters would contain the dose usually prescribed in medicine.

THE EARWIG DISCOVERS AMERICA

Immigrant Ellis Island Cannot Touch

UNWELCOME VISITOR TO CALIFORNIA

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

The European earwig, our common variety, successfully landed in the United States some time in 1911, and is now making a serious nuisance of itself.

It was first discovered in private gardens in Newport, Rhode Island, where it did so much damage to fruit and flowers that drastic measures were taken against it. Though believed to have been killed off in this locality, these pests were soon discovered farther west. In 1915 they turned up in large numbers in Seattle, and the next year they firmly established themselves in Albany and Portland, in the State of Oregon. In Portland their ravages have been so disastrous to horticulturists that thousands of dollars have been spent in efforts to control the earwigs with poison baits. They are now reported to have been seen in California.

So serious is the earwig menace becoming in the United States that there is little doubt that they will have to adopt the same measures that the New Zealanders have done, as reported in the C.N. New Zealand has for the last two years been importing from England two species of flies, closely resembling the house fly type, which kill the earwigs.

Another unwelcome insect arrival in America is the Australian tomato weevil, a beetle first found in March, 1922, in Stone County, Missouri. Since then it has been discovered in several adjoining counties, attacking tomatoes, potatoes, and turnips.

A campaign has now been started against this "snout-nosed" beetle, but, like the earwig, it is a creature of night, and difficult to deal with.

TEN JUMPS TO THE MOON

A Wise Man Studies a Flea

Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, has lately been examining anew the jumping powers of fleas, and comparing their jumping muscles with those of men.

He had nine fleas carefully weighed in a chemical balance, and found that the average flea weighed something less than the one-fifteenth of a grain, or, to be exact, 38-hundredths of a milligramme. The average weight of a man he put down at about 70 kilogrammes, which seems to us rather high, for it is over eleven stone.

The record jump of a flea is, on the other hand, rather less than expected. It is only 13 inches long and less than 8 inches high. But if a man, when his weight is compared with that of a flea, had a similar jumping power, he could leap 21,900 miles in the air, and horizontally could jump 36,800 miles, or one and a half times round the world.

Ten upward leaps would take him to the Moon; but his velocity would be so terrific that at the first jump he would burst into flame, and disappear like a shooting star.

SOMETHING NEW

Transferring a Photograph

A new form of photography has been perfected by means of which photographs can be transferred to any kind of material.

The most striking examples are photographs of beautiful and rare pieces of furniture, such as Sheraton and Chippendale, which have been transferred on to commonplace white wood. Among these is a photograph of the top of a desk of walnut inlaid with flowers, which has been transferred on to a piece of ordinary board, the result equalling the original in beauty.

A WOMAN FACES A LION

ALL IN THE DAY'S LIFE

Waiting for the Next Move on an African Road

AN ADVENTURE IN RHODESIA

Wherever there is danger there is romance; and there is plenty of both in Rhodesia.

Mrs. Maclean, of Salisbury, in that far-away African State has had a thrilling experience which is typical of life where farming is carried on in the neighbourhood of wild life.

Though Mrs. Maclean lives in Salisbury, she has a dairy farm across the frontier in Portuguese Africa, and she makes her way to it by bicycle, over veldt and through patches of jungle.

As told briefly on our C.N. map last week, Mrs. Maclean found herself face to face with two full-grown lions and two lionesses, who were licking their lips after a deep drink in a stream she had just passed.

She promptly dismounted, drew her revolver, and quietly faced the creatures. For some time they and the lonely woman surveyed each other, and waited for the next move.

Lions that Disappeared

It was the lions who made the move by quietly disappearing into the thick bush. Then she rode on, doubtless at her best pace; but she had not gone far when she found her path blocked by two dead oxen, of which a huge leopard was making a hearty meal, after the lions who had made the kill had satisfied their hunger. In a less leisurely way than the lions, the leopard, puzzled by the sight of a cyclist, withdrew into the bush.

Again she passed the point of danger, and presently reached a farm near her own. There she found the family keeping carefully indoors, for it was their oxen the lions had carried off.

Many women would have had enough of wild beast interviews for one day, but not so Mrs. Maclean. Her business done, she insisted on returning home. The farmer whose cattle had been killed went with her, and ten natives accompanied them to interview the lions and the leopard, but they did not find them.

Perhaps Mrs. Maclean's safety was due to the fact that the beasts were well fed when they met her. There was no reason why they should adventure against so curious a thing as a bicycle when they needed rest. But she did not know that.

ENGLISH OIL WELL

Wealth Waiting to be Won

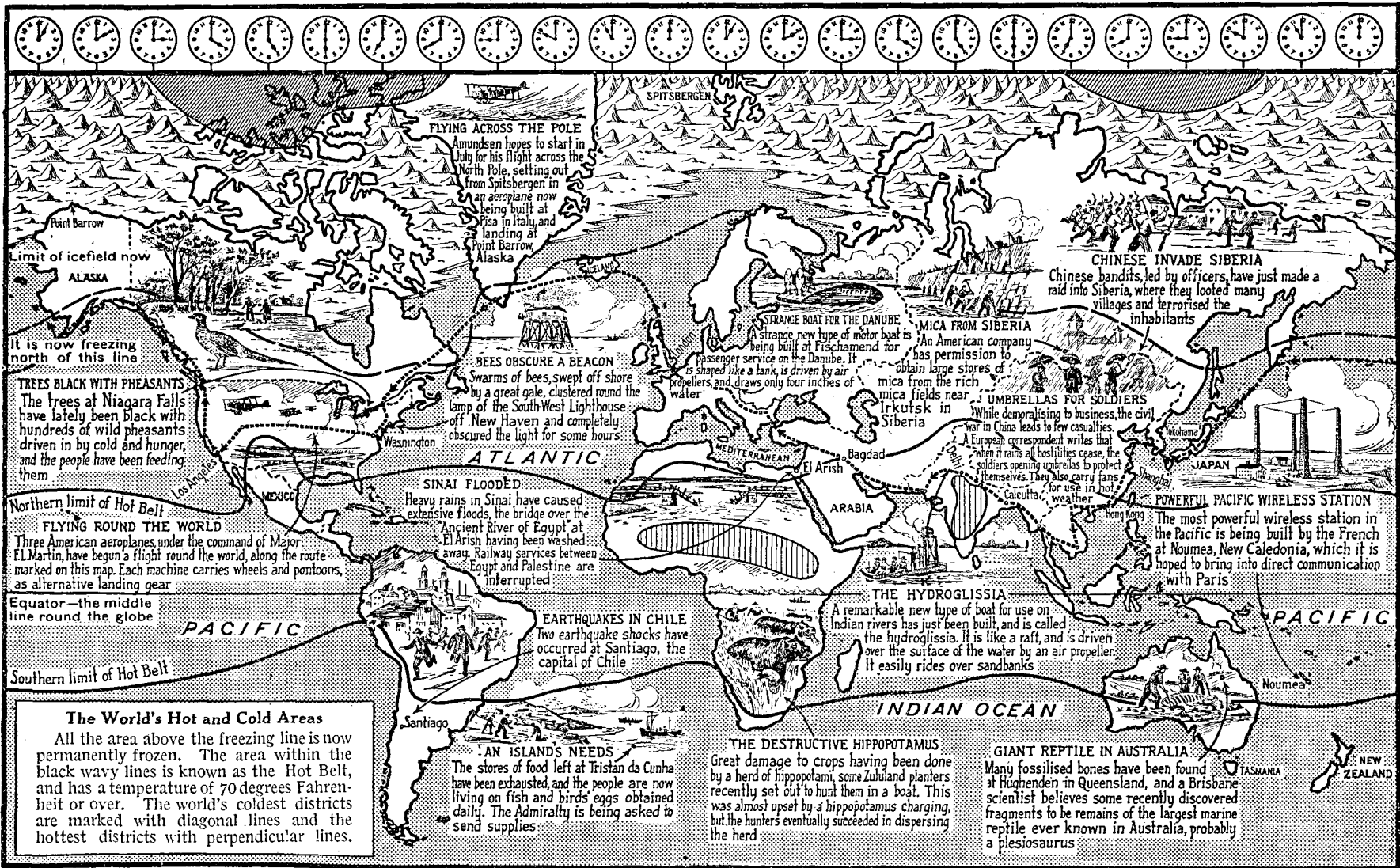
Nearly five years ago we told of the discovery of oil in England—at Hardstoft, in Derbyshire.

Few people know that this oil well is still giving us the only English petroleum we possess. During the same period the United States has nearly doubled its production of oil.

There is an enormous quantity of oil still waiting to be won from English shale in Norfolk and Devonshire, millions on millions of tons; but no chemist has yet discovered how to extract from shale oil the sulphur which causes it to smell very unpleasantly and corrodes the boilers in which it is burned or used.

It is interesting to look back on the time when Queen Elizabeth issued an order threatening with imprisonment people who burned coal, on account of the smell it used to produce in the early forms of burning it. It is equally impossible to burn shale today, and this huge national asset remains proud and unconquered, waiting for some future genius to discover a means of distilling from it pure oil and spirit. Hundreds of patents are taken out every year for improved methods of distilling shale, but so far with little result.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT AND COLD AREAS



THE WRECKERS IN INDIA Throwing Out the Budget

The Indian National Assembly has rejected the Budget, and has refused to reconsider its decision.

The opposition was not due to disapproval of any particular tax or item of expenditure; it was intended simply to show the Assembly's disapproval of the Government's attitude on the question of further reforms for India.

The Home Rule extremists want to make all government impossible till they get their way, and they have managed to get enough of the Moderates to support them on this occasion to throw out the whole financial provision for the country for the year.

The law provides that if a Bill is thrown out which the Government considers essential to the interests of India it can pass it over the head of the Assembly, and this is what is being done. The extremists mean to organise a campaign in the country for refusing to pay taxes passed without their approval, and it remains to be seen how far they will succeed.

We may hope, in the light of these facts, that the people will prove wiser than some of their representatives.

MR. MACDONALD FOR GENEVA Good News for the League

It is good news that Mr. MacDonald has decided that, if he is still Prime Minister then, he will attend the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva in September.

It will be the first time the Prime Minister of any of the Great Powers has taken part in the Assembly, and it is an example sure to be widely followed, for no Government will wish to be less authoritatively represented than another.

It is a very practical way of emphasising the British Government's sense of the vital importance of the League in international affairs, and will give its deliberations a greater importance than they have ever had.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY Some Stories of its Famous Members

Some delightful reminiscences of the Royal Society have been brought to light by the publication of some of its old papers.

Details are given of the election of Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. Samuel Pepys as Fellows of the Society, and as far back as 1685 we read how Sir Robert Gordon told the Society that he had seen the 1000th part of a grain weighed. The other day the C.N. described a new balance which weighs the millionth part of a grain!

In 1674 a Doctor Croune read a discourse on flying by birds. "Some said that it would be of real use to contrive something for flying, if it were but to raise a man so high as to fly over a wall, and the besiegers of a town to carry and bring back intelligence."

In 1678 the Society entered on a debate "concerning the causes and reason of the motion of the mercury in the barometer."

The Royal Society began its formal meetings in November 1660, and members paid a weekly subscription of a shilling. Today one of the greatest honours that can fall to any man of science is to be made a Fellow of the Society, and the greatest honour of all is to become its President, the post held now by Sir William Bragg.

DOG'S LONG TRAIL Collie's Journey of 2000 Miles

From an American correspondent comes this story of a collie's sagacity.

The dog accompanied its master on a long motor tour in the West, but was lost during a halt in a town in Oregon. Months passed, and the other day its owner was delighted to see his four-footed friend at home again. It had made a journey of 2000 miles. Save that its toe-nails had been worn off it seemed little the worse for its wonderful journey.

AMONG THE WISE MEN Brilliant Woman Student

A young woman of 26 is to take her place side by side with some of the greatest financial experts in the kingdom on a committee appointed by the Government to consider how to deal with the National Debt and the effects of taxation on our industries.

She is Mrs. Barbara Wootton, whose husband was killed in the war four days after he landed in France.

She had a brilliant career at Cambridge, and was made Director of Economic Studies at Girton College.

Later she became lecturer in Social Economics at Bedford College, London, and she is attached to the research department run by the Labour Party.

It is odd to remember that so brilliant a woman is too young to have a vote, but the Government which has been wise enough to appoint her is also trying to give votes to women on equal terms with men. It is odd, also, that, though she took her degree at Cambridge with a distinction never previously awarded to any man or woman, she has no letters after her name, for Cambridge in those days refused titles to women.

Yet some day, even without a Cambridge title, Mrs. Wootton may be President of the Board of Trade or Chancellor of the Exchequer!

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Jean Mosnier . . .	£619
Queen Anne bureau bookcase . . .	£430
A portrait by Reynolds . . .	£420
Autograph MS. of Robert Burns . . .	£350
Pair of old Worcester vases . . .	£315
Copy of Kipling's first book . . .	£300
Pair of Chelsea candlesticks . . .	£241
A Dresden porcelain teapot . . .	£231
Charles II silver cauldron . . .	£136
1st ed. of Great Expectations . . .	£80
Old English grandfather clock . . .	£84
Nelson's pocket compass . . .	£50
Two Hepplewhite armchairs . . .	£36
1st edition of Pickwick Papers . . .	£30
A letter by Dickens . . .	£19

THE PEER AND THE PAPAU

Lord Harris Looking for a Fruit Shop

Lord Harris, the famous cricketer, just returned from Trinidad, is seeking to introduce a new fruit among us.

A wise doctor at Trinidad sternly advised that on the homeward voyage he should take no citrus fruit, like lemons, for fear of acidity, no bananas for fear of indigestion, but "as much papau as you like."

So he fed himself on papau, and "in a few days life was again worth living." Now he wants more papau, but he has searched all the fruit shops and can find no fruiterer who stocks it.

But what is papau? It is like a melon, and Lord Harris himself proposes it for use in slices, "when melons are out of season, with its golden pulp gleaming under some crushed ice."

Crushed sugar, one would imagine, would be more to the point at this time of year. But let us try a papau by all means, with sugar or with ice.

SLEEPING SICKNESS France, Germany, and a Discovery

A new chemical which cures sleeping sickness was announced some years ago by a German firm, but its composition was kept secret because the German Government looked upon it as the key to tropical Africa.

The composition of this valuable substance was suspected by a British chemist, Dr. King, as long ago as 1921; and it is now announced that a French scientist named Fournau has definitely discovered its composition, so that the precious secret is laid bare for the benefit of the world.

So the race between France and Germany goes on; and in this war for knowledge all will wish both sides well.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 5 1924

What Were They All Doing?

NOT so long ago as to be dull or romantic, in fact only the other day, there existed in our Little Treasure Island two million human beings who did not listen-in.

Today, nearly the whole of these two millions may be seen on any evening of the week with headphones adjusted, hands folded in their laps, legs crossed, and either a smile on their faces or a look of rapture in their eyes.

Not a word is spoken in the apartments occupied by all these people. A silence has fallen upon their homes. There they sit, like so many carved figures in an Egyptian corridor, saying nothing, seeing nothing, doing nothing, but hearing—well, hearing somebody cough in America, somebody laughing in Paris, somebody playing the fiddle in wherever you will.

And this goes on night after night. It has altered the family arrangements in hundreds of thousands of homes. High tea has altered its hour, and dinner curtailed its menu. The room where the family would sing and dance has become a temple dedicated to silence. The conversation at tea which used to be about—what?—is now devoted to crystals, aërials, and telephones. Children who longed to grow up in order that they might be engine-drivers or tram conductors are now contemplating the invention of a microphone which will enable a man living at Land's End to hear the whizz of a golf-ball in Mars.

But what makes us wonder in this extraordinary change from the fashion of Yesterday to the fashion of Today is this confusing thought: What were these two million people doing before the days of the B.B.C.? They all did something, and nobody seems to miss what they did then but cannot now be doing. What was it?

Two million people have ceased to do all the things they did night after night from their youth up. Has anybody observed any difference? Has the world suffered from this tremendous drop in human energy?

Can it be that a good part of our time, even now, is spent in doing things which make not a farthing's worth of difference to the general happiness of mankind? Can it be that the human race is too fussy, and that through wireless we may come to find the calm and serenity we owe to Life?

Can it be that if we all did a little less, and attended a little more, we might catch whispers from the Infinite which would solve all the world's problems?

There seems to be a new significance in those remarkable words: *Be still, and know that I am God.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Mother of the League

WE like that happy phrase of our good friend Lady Aberdeen, who has been talking of her great International Council of Women.

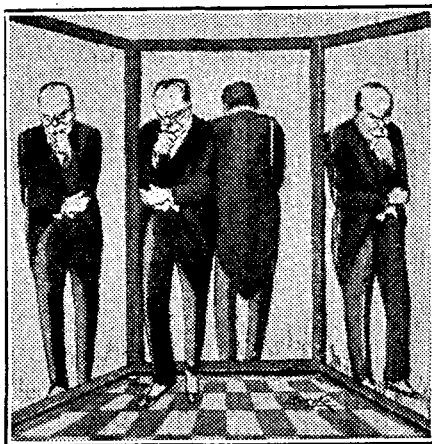
For years this Council has been doing good work in spreading ideas and friendship among the nations, and Lady Aberdeen claims for it that "We are actually the Mother of the League of Nations, and look upon our growing child with pride."

We have always thought that the pride of a mother is the noblest pride on Earth; but to be the Mother of the League! Compared with that all other glory fades.

The Treasure of Canterbury

THE new Dean of Canterbury has done a splendid thing. He is throwing open all parts of the cathedral to the public. So one more barrier between the British people and their treasures is removed.

We hope the Dean will now prevent a disgrace which we have often seen in Canterbury Cathedral. Its wonderful screen is one of the glories of our land, but, sitting in the nave at service, we have frequently seen it used as a hat-rack and an umbrella-stand.



The Mussolini Cabinet

Signor Mussolini has been made a knight, and so becomes "a Cousin of the King." This is how an Italian paper represents a meeting of the Strong Man's Cabinet.

Thank You, Mr. Selfridge

WE are very glad to be able to record that some of the big London stores are refusing to expose skylarks for sale as food. Among the firms to be honourably mentioned in this connection is Selfridge's.

This praiseworthy action appears to be the direct result of the work of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which circularised London shopkeepers on the subject, pointing out that there was a growing dislike of making song-birds an article of diet.

We imagine that shops which put up a notice in their food department that "Song-birds for Food are Not Sold Here" would gain more trade than it would lose. We are sure it would gain the sympathy of every gentle man and gentle woman.

Wanted, a Majority

A SUPPORTER of the Government has been regretting that he cannot carry out the policy of the Sermon on the Mount. His consolation must be that his Government is in a minority, and you cannot rule by the Sermon on the Mount if you have not a majority. The way is plain. We have to get a majority in favour of the Sermon on the Mount.

When a Child Looks Into Its Mother's Eyes

When a child stares into its mother's eyes, As though by searching he could there surprise Some secret guarded from his prying youth, But finds there only candour, peace, and truth, Up leaps his heart, disburdened of suspense, Back goes the elfish soul to innocence.

H. B.

Tip-Cat

CROOKED teeth, says a dentist, are the bane of civilisation. They are such obstacles to straight talks.

THE first news on the day of the bus strike was a bus collision.

THERE are 100,000 more Girl Guides this year than last. But where will they guide us?

DID the speaker who said "The hand that holds the ladle rules the world" mean that we are all in the soup?

THE latest cry is for a brighter seaside. What we want is a brighter people to go there.

IT is possible to save civilisation, no doubt, but would it be cheaper to let it go and start again?

YOUNG Mr. Rockefeller says love is the greatest thing in the world. But he is glad that people use something else to oil the wheels.

BUSINESS people do not show competitors all their secrets. If they did they would not have any.

A MOTTO for these times of strikes: More action and less faction.

More Rubbish from a Novelist

IN a grown-up newspaper we find these words quoted with approval from a novel:

Luckily, there is no education at English public schools. They merely train boys to be men.

It is really time for rubbish of this sort to be laughed out of existence, or we shall make ourselves, and not only our novelists, ridiculous.

Shut In, Shut Out

By Harold Begbie

As I walked up an open road That ran beside a river's brim, I met a tramp in sorry rags And pitied him.

I PITIED not his sorry rags, His shabby boots, his broken hat, But his dull, angry, frowning face, I pitied that.

By him the skylark was not heard, For him the river did not run, I think he did not even feel The morning sun.

A HOMELESS man is sad to see, But sadder far a man so hard That from all beauty, kindness, love, His soul is barred.

SHUT in by sin and self, the soul Is prisoned in a dungeon deep, And there shut out from God and Man Dies in a sleep.

The Mad Drummer of Marseilles

By One Who Sees Him

HE is one of the most contented-looking people in the town. His face is always cheerful, his attitude alert and brisk. He bears two large empty tins slung in front of him, and on these he drums vigorously in imitation of a tram upon its way.

Since childhood, and he is now about 27, his oddness has taken this turn; he thinks he is a tram, and makes his rounds at a kind of running trot, from the Vieux Port to St. Just, and from the Joliette to the Belle de Mai, along the regular tram routes.

He halts at the stopping-places, looks round for passengers, and blows his whistle before departure.

Children watch for him with delight, and he greets them with a friendly nod; small boys run up to shake his hand, and faces smile down at him from the old grey windows.

Unweary in Cheerfulness

He has never been known to use a gross or an unpleasant word; and so he is allowed his liberty, and is given many a meal as he passes by or pauses at a terminus.

Day after day, morning and evening, summer and winter, the sound of his cheerful drumming is heard, and the tram-drivers hail their comrade of the roads as he gaily waves to them to pass him.

He goes fast, and he goes well; he covers many miles a day, but he never looks cross, and he never looks weary.

So used have we become to the well-known sound of his improvised drums that Marseilles would never seem the same without him.

A Child's Prayer

Father, we thank Thee for the night And for the pleasant morning light, For rest and food and loving care, And all that makes the world so fair. Help us to do the thing we should, To be to others kind and good, In all we do, in all we say, To grow more loving every day.

A GOOD MAN OF MARSEILLES

BENEFICENT WORK AT A BUSY PORT

Moving Story of Great-Hearted Endeavour

DRIFTERS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

From Our Marseilles Correspondent

Londoners who have passed along the Thames Embankment at night have grown accustomed to the sight of wanderers asleep on the benches.

Every town and every port has its share of these drifters on the sea of life, with no fireside to warm them and no roof over their heads. In the large cosmopolitan port of Marseilles the problem they present has always been acute, and more than fifty years ago two large-hearted Frenchmen made a definite attempt to solve it.

As a result there was opened one Christmas Day the first Asile de Nuit. It contained sixty beds, and afforded free shelter to the homeless without distinction of race, nationality, or religion.

Men of Every Nation

On its opening night only three men slept in it, but in the year that followed 7400 guests took shelter there. In the years that have passed three successive buildings have been used for the purpose, the present one in the Rue de Forbin containing 220 beds.

There, every evening, assemble men of every nation and country, all made welcome by the kindly French fathers who act as hosts. Apart from French and British colonies there slept there in 1921 men from 42 different countries and of 53 varying professions. Painter and sculptor, dental surgeon and jockey, journalist and film producer, even noblemen by birth, have slept side by side in these airy dormitories.

The most scrupulous cleanliness is maintained in the whole of this wonderful place. A sunny courtyard with a fountain, shaded by plane trees, affords an outdoor resting-place, and the men's dining room has walls tiled in white and blue and is decorated with paintings and with beautiful palms.

Making Dead Bones Live

Every inmate is supplied with clean sheets, and before he sets out in the morning in search of work he is given a bowl of hot soup, the vegetables for which are grown in the large kitchen garden by one of the fathers. The entire organisation is entrusted to Frère Elisée, a true lover of the lost sheep of life.

This good Frenchman is one of those who make dead bones live. Small of stature, with a bright, kindling eye, he deserves a niche in the temple where the great and good men of this world are commemorated.

Aware of the abuse to which such hospitality is liable, he has framed a set of regulations which are read to the inmates before they go to bed. Drunkenness and dirt are grounds for non-admittance, and bad language and bad behaviour lead to expulsion.

A Tender Heart

Under a somewhat stern exterior Frère Elisée hides a tender heart and a quick sympathy. All countries owe him a deep debt, but Poland alone has recognised it, awarding him the equivalent to the French Legion of Honour, the highest decoration their country could bestow.

In one year lately 186 men from England and the British Empire availed themselves of this hospitality, the total number of nights they spent in the Asile numbering 2644.

Truly this night refuge of Marseilles is a light shining in a dark place, unnoticed and unadvertised to the world, but it has as its reward the gratitude of a great multitude of destitute ones who have found it a door of hope opened to them when all other doors were shut.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

German wireless is broadcasting English lessons once a week.

No less than 678,992,626 National Savings Certificates had been sold up to March 8.

Child-marriage in Egypt

The Egyptian parliament is abolishing child-marriages. The age for legal marriage is to be not less than 16.

Chess Champion Beaten

Capablanca, the famous Cuban chess-player, has been beaten for the first time for ten years by Reti, an Austrian.

Oxford and the Old Vic

Miss Lilian Baylis is to receive the honorary degree of M.A. Oxon. in recognition of her educational services at the Old Vic Theatre, London.

A huge lighthouse is being erected at San Domingo in honour of Columbus.

We much regret that the salt tax in India was described the other day by an error as 1s. 2d. a pound instead of 1d.

Our Journalist Premier

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is the first journalist who has ever been Prime Minister in Great Britain.

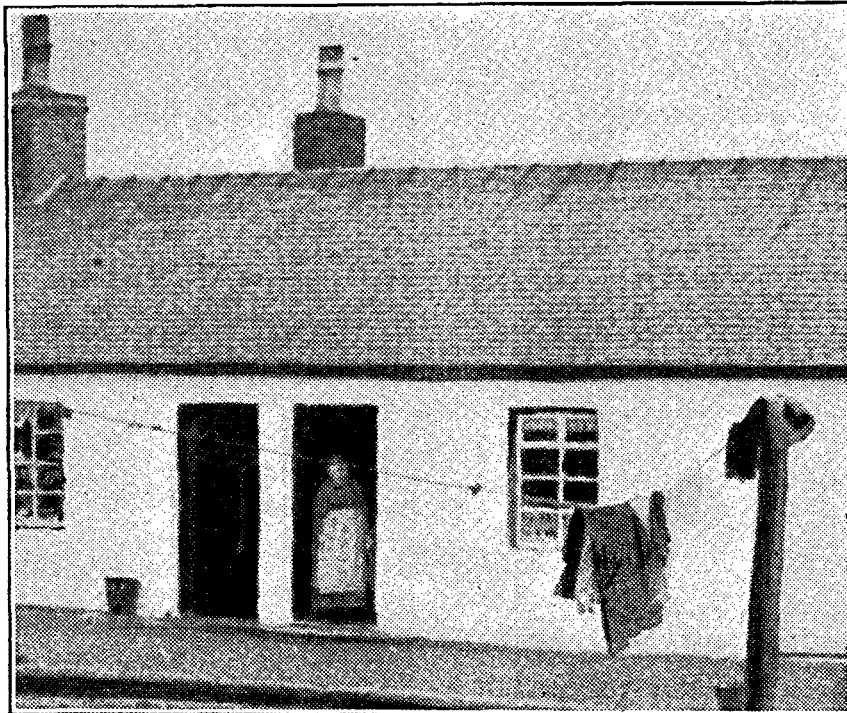
"We Shall Want More Coroners"

We shall want more coroners, said a coroner the other day, if something is not done with the street traffic of London.

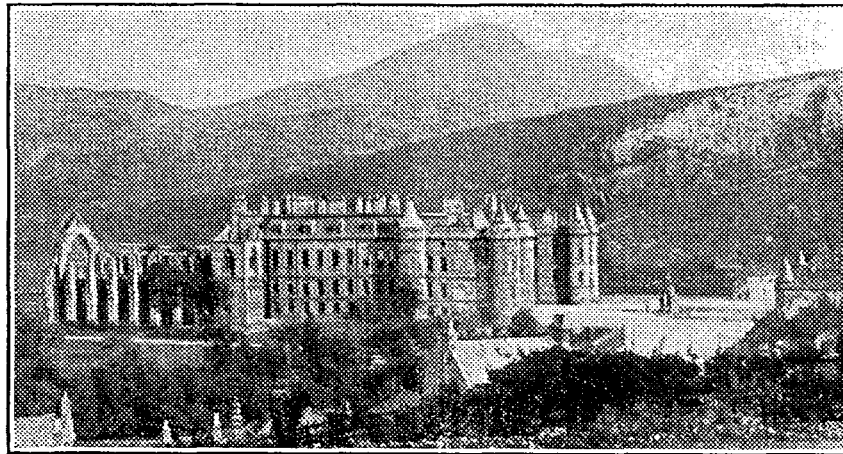
The Real Number of New Houses

An official statement of the number of houses built since the Armistice is as follows: 1919, 100; 1920, 15,711; 1921, 86,669; 1922, 88,999; 1923, 19,185.

A CHANGE OF ADDRESS



Mr. James Brown's little house at Annbank, Ayrshire



The stately Holyrood Palace, which will be Mr. Brown's new home

Mr. James Brown, M.P., the ex-miner, who has been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, will leave the little miner's cottage in which he has been living at Annbank, and will make his home, with his wife, a former mill-girl, in Holyrood Palace

LISTENING FOR A METAL

An Instrument which Hears It

Old legends tell of men who had the power to look down into the earth and see where gold and silver lay hidden.

We cannot do this yet, but something almost as wonderful is now possible: we can listen and hear the veins of precious metal.

Two Swedish engineers, Mr. Hans Lundberg and Mr. Harry Natharst, have invented an electrical instrument which will locate metallic ores under the ground and indicate their presence by making a sound that can be heard.

The prospector carries the instrument over the ground he is prospecting, and, with telephone receivers fixed on his head, he listens in. When the instrument passes over a vein a sound is heard, and the prospector knows that what he seeks is somewhere beneath his feet.

BEST WATCH YET MADE

Nearly Perfect

For twenty years a Swiss watch-maker, M. Paul Ditisheim, has made the most accurate watches in the world, and last year he made the best of all.

There is a special department of the National Physical laboratory at Teddington where watches are scientifically tested. A watch which is perfect would score 100 marks, but it is believed that no watch will ever be made that can gain more than 98½ marks. In 1903 Mr. Ditisheim made a watch which was awarded 94.9 marks, and year by year he has made steady improvements, until last year he sent over from his Swiss factory a marvellous watch which gained 97 marks.

So far as accuracy is concerned this is the most wonderful watch that has ever been made.

A BUILDING CRUMBLES AWAY

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT

Case which is Puzzling the Builders and the Engineers

CONCRETE MYSTERY

An extraordinary thing has happened to a building lately set up in the town of Benton Harbour, in Michigan.

It was built of reinforced concrete, and it has crumbled away in little more than a day. The engineers and scientists are quite at a loss to explain the unusual and amazing event.

Buildings have, of course, collapsed before now, but such accidents have always been due to some structural defect or some weakness in the concrete material. In this building at Benton, however, no such weakness existed. The collapse was absolutely unique.

A Heap of Rubbish

At a certain moment the shell of the building stood, apparently strong and enduring; then it began, not to collapse, but to crumble away, and in thirty hours the great structure was nothing but a wreck, a heap of dust and rubbish. It looked exactly as if it had been bombed from the air.

There seems no doubt that the materials and the workmanship were good, for a fully qualified engineer, who is a graduate of a university, was supervising the building. The only explanation scientists can give is that in some mysterious way the concrete was affected by the temperature. The weather was cold while the building was being put up, but the explanation is not satisfying, as thousands of buildings have been erected in cold weather, and have stood the test of time.

Hundred Per Cent Failure

One scientific expert describes this as the most complete collapse of a multi-storey concrete building on record. "The appearance of the wreckage," he says, "is generally that of trash rather than concrete. Few structural parts, such as columns and beams, are in evidence. The wreckage is being cleared up, not with blocks and tackle raising large masses, so much as with picks and shovels. Much of the debris is simply loose stones and sand that can be shovelled and carted away. Even when columns are intact, a few blows of a sledge-hammer disintegrates them, and the reinforcing bars are stripped out without much difficulty."

Another expert says that nothing similar to this slow, seemingly deliberate disintegration has been reported before. The collapse came as near to a 100 per cent. failure as could be, which is equally unprecedented. Both these features are puzzling, and perhaps both are related in some way to the cause of the failure.

Disquieting Problem

On the scanty data available at present, freezing or delayed setting of the concrete is the cause most suspected. In any event, it is not easy to reconcile the long-drawn-out collapse, occupying more than 24 hours, with any known weakness of winter concrete.

The fact is that an entirely new problem has arisen for science to solve. Just when men thought they had mastered all the facts of concrete they have been faced with a disquieting mystery which shatters all their former confidence.

Evidently for some reason or other this concrete did not form into a strong and solid mass, and some of the best scientific minds of America are now at work to find an explanation and a remedy for what has happened.

A BOY MAKES HISTORY IN FRANCE

WHAT HE FOUND IN A CAVE

The Great Underground Gallery with Pictures of the Past

MAMMOTHS AND HORSES

David is fourteen years old. He is just like other boys, except that he has a little more imagination than most. He lives in a village near the River Lot, an obscure village called Cabrerets, tucked away in a corner of the South of France.

It happens that this place is near the Dordogne district, where so many cave dwellings of prehistoric people have been found. The priest of Cabrerets, Father Lemozi, who knows a great deal on this subject, has already found some remarkable things belonging to the cave-dwellers.

They lived many thousands of years ago in certain parts of Europe, in what had been bears' dens or caves, first driving out the bears. They wore skins for warmth, and their only tool was a flint knife or dart. And with this one weapon they slew the monstrous mammoth and other animals; and when they had nothing else to do they scratched wonderful pictures on the walls and roofs of their caves, and on reindeer horn and mammoths' tusks and teeth, on pebbles, and anything that took their fancy.

Men Without an Alphabet

David had been thinking of all this, and helping Father Lemozi in his search. In imagination he had seen the uncouth, hairy men, sitting at the mouth of their dens, scratching away. He would wonder if they were able to talk as we understand talking. They had no alphabet, knew nothing of ordinary things like growing wheat for bread. But they had an immeasurable physical strength, and the small son of any one of them knew far more about animals and their ways than all the Boy Scouts in the world put together.

One day David went exploring by himself. He wandered through a thick copse on his father's land, and quite suddenly he found a kind of fissure—a slanting hole in the ground.

David was not too big to get into the hole, and in he went. He presently came into a passage that sloped down into the darkness of the Earth. David lighted his candle and went on. The passage grew wider; after a time it opened into a broad space. It seemed like the beginning of something.

A Wonderful Discovery

With joy and wonder in his heart, David ran back to the priest, and together they made a thorough exploration. They found the passage led into a huge limestone cavern, or hall, and after that hall another and another.

For weeks they explored, and discovered a great gallery underground about 125 yards long and 12 yards broad. On the walls were some forty pictures scratched with the flint tool, or rudely painted in red ochre and black, about 12,000 years ago—pictures of mammoths, bison, and horses. There were also sets of human hands in silhouette, and many other most interesting details.

This is the most wonderful discovery of cave-dwellers that has happened for a long time. Learned men in France have made minute records of it, and David's name has gone with the records into a book that men and scholars all over the world will read.

THE SAND LIBRARY

One of the American universities has established a collection of 2500 sand samples collected from all over the world to determine their advantages for commerce. The "sand library" is always accessible to builders.

THE CALL OF A HORSE

How It was Heard From the Hills

WAR-SCARRED VETERAN AND HIS STEED

Lord Roberts once told the writer that, while he loved horses, he recognised that they were among the most stupid of animals, not to be compared for intelligence with a dog.

But his heart would have gone out to the horse of James Davis, particularly as James Davis is an old war-scarred veteran who still loves a horse and goes riding every day in spite of his great years. He is 76, and he fought in the American Civil War.

The other day Mr. Davis had his horse harnessed to a sleigh and drove up into the snowfields on Florida Mountain. High up on the slopes of that mountain the sleigh suddenly overturned and the old veteran was flung out on to a dangerous snowbank. The sun was sinking. Twilight was coming on. The scene of the accident was far from help.

What did the horse do? It stood by its prostrate master's side, lifted up its head, and neighed loudly to the valleys below. It never moved an inch from that place. Twilight was swallowed up by the darkness of night, and still the horse stood beside its master and neighed news of his danger to the world below.

Attracted and guided by those sounds, men set out to find the lost traveller, and when morning dawned they discovered him lying on the snow with his horse at his side, more ready to sing the praises of the horse than to talk of his own aches and pains.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

And Profitable Expenditure

PAYING FOR INTELLIGENT CITIZENS

It is good news that the new Government has been able to find enough money to enable Mr. Trevelyan, the Minister for Education, to make some immediate improvements in teaching.

Mr. Trevelyan is right in thinking that the country never approved of Sir Eric Geddes's plan of saving money by making education less efficient, and Mr. Trevelyan is right in calling such economies "narrow and soulless."

Classes are to be made smaller, the number of untrained teachers is to be reduced, bad schoolhouses are to be rebuilt, and the reduction in the number of teachers in training is to be stopped.

Mr. Trevelyan believes that every intelligent child should have the chance of a good education whether his parents are rich or poor.

That is the right idea. We do not pay for the education of children merely to save their fathers' pockets. We do not pay primarily even for the sake of the children themselves. We pay so that England may have intelligent citizens, whose capacities have been developed to the full extent required to enable them to give to their country the best service of which they are capable.

There is no expenditure which is more directly profitable to the nation than expenditure on education.

COLOUR AND HEAT

A New Danger Signal

An interesting new idea has been found to be practicable

A new red paint which turns black if it gets above a certain degree of heat is being used to paint parts of machinery which might be damaged if over-heated.

A bearing painted with the preparation changes colour from red to black almost instantly if the temperature rises above 155 degrees Fahrenheit.

ABYSSINIA PRINTS A BOOK

Why It is Worth Making a Note Of

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S LAND

While the world directs its attention towards the glories of a Luxor tomb in which a dead Pharaoh lies buried, a quiet little announcement in a grown-up paper carries some minds to a greater than Pharaoh, to Solomon and his splendours.

In a few lines Mr. Stephen Gaselee, of the British Foreign Office, states the astounding fact that the first native printing press has been set up in Abyssinia, and that its first ten books have been published.

Why should such a statement be astonishing? Because we all feel compelled to regard this storied land as already possessing some sort of native culture. For Abyssinia was the home of the famous Queen of Sheba, who made the journey to Solomon's court, carrying treasure and gifts extraordinary even in that age of abounding riches.

A Traveller's Adventures

Abyssinian tradition says that the peerless queen became the wife of Solomon, and that from this royal couple the Abyssinians descend. Converted from paganism, they followed the faith of Solomon for ages, and then became Christians before even our ancestors in England did. Christianity was adopted in Abyssinia in the fourth century, and was the religion of the land when James Bruce made his immortal journey there in quest of the source of the Nile, over 150 years ago.

Yet, in spite of riches and barbaric splendour, the nation had made no intellectual advance in Bruce's day, and it has made little since. Charm and warmth of affection did not pass away from Abyssinia, however, with the Queen of Sheba. In Bruce's time there was a lovely Princess Esther, the Queen's daughter, and she fell in love with Bruce.

She caused Bruce to attend her in the rôle of doctor, and greatly esteemed his petting, sympathy, and comfort. Yet at her banquets she and her companions ate raw fowls and guinea-hens, and Bruce once saw her aged husband cause the eyes of 12 prisoners to be put out, and the victims to be turned into the wilds to be devoured by hyenas.

Land Without Towns

Abyssinia, which likes to be called a Christian land, has never quite lived up to its professions. There are great riches and palaces, but there are practically no towns except Harar, and the capital has but 3000 people.

But even Abyssinia progresses now, we see. She has set up a printing press and has printed her first books. One of these is a description of the present ruler's journey to Aden; another tells of a second potentate's visit to Jerusalem; a third is devoted to the Virgin Mary; a fourth to St. John Chrysostom; and there are two small ones—on arithmetic and grammar! Best of all is a Message of Peace.

It is nearly 3000 years since Solomon was fascinated by the Queen of Sheba, and now their descendants have a national library of ten home-printed books. Well, Solomon in all his glory had never one of these.

THE LUCKY STONE

The total number of diamonds taken from the Arkansas fields in America has now reached six thousand stones.

Large numbers of these are first-class gems, and it is strange to think that the field was first discovered by a farmer, whose horse kicked up a stone of unusual brilliance.

THE C.N. ABROAD

How It Makes Its Way Into Many Lands

AT COLLEGE IN HAMLET'S TOWN

A student in the International People's College at Elsinore sends us these lines.

It will be interesting to the readers of the C.N. to know that it is helping to spread Internationalism—which means that it is helping to spread goodwill and peace and friendship between the peoples of different countries.

Students at the International People's College in Elsinore (the scene of Hamlet) have found the paper of peculiar interest. Students from many nations gather here for study, while they seek to understand each other. National barriers are broken down, prejudices are swept away, and good-fellowship is promoted. It is a League of Nations in miniature.

In private study the British students have used the C.N. as a text-book in teaching their comrades from Germany or Sweden or Russia the English language. It has been found to be not only easy reading, but of the greatest interest, for its contents cover subjects of vital importance to readers of all countries.

A Good Travelling Companion

As students from so many different countries are represented, the college has served as a distributing agency of the C.N., and students have taken the paper home with them to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Austria, and Poland.

The World Map has been found to be interesting and profitable, and foreign students have eagerly asked for translations of that page.

In teaching the English language in one or two of the world-famed Danish high schools the C.N. has been used in reading lessons with great success.

The C.N. has been the companion of the writer in travelling through Germany and the wonder of fellow-passengers when sailing to the Free State of Danzig. It has relieved the monotonous railway journeys of the Continent as far as Lemberg, in Poland. There he was compelled to leave a few back numbers with Ukrainian friends, who were captivated with its contents.

Should any of our big brothers or sisters be interested in this college they may communicate with Herr P. Manniche, M.A., the Principal.

A SUDAN RAILWAY

Opening Up Rich Lands

The Sudan, the splendid pastoral land of Dervish tribes, is likely to have a great future as a cotton-growing country.

Cotton is badly needed at present owing to the havoc worked by the boll-weevil with the cotton crop in America, and the Sudan is thought to possess a fine cotton-growing district in the fertile delta of the Gash River, which does not flow into the sea, but spills itself over the sand.

The Gash delta covers more than half a million acres, and a new railway is now to be built from Thiamam, on the Atbara-Port Sudan line, to Kassala, so that its rich land can be tapped.

The railway, which will be over 200 miles long and will probably be finished next year, will cost about £1,500,000; but within ten years of its completion it is expected that it will be possible to put 100 acres under cotton, thus adding materially to the Empire's supply.

Moreover, the line will benefit the Arab tribes, who own great numbers of cattle and sheep, as they will be able to find a better market for their animals and grain.

PAYCOCKE'S HOUSE

HOME OF TWO HAPPY PEOPLE OF LONG AGO

Lovely Bit of Tudor England Given to the Nation

GENEROSITY OF AN M.P.

Once there was a well-to-do butcher called John Paycocke, and he built in Coggeshall, Essex, a beautiful house. He built it principally for his son, Thomas, and Margaret Horrold, the bride of Thomas.

Old John had apprenticed Thomas in his early days to the clothier's trade, and the lad grew up a credit to his parents. When he had married Margaret and settled down and worked hard, he became a very wealthy merchant. This was about four hundred years ago, when Essex cloth was famous in all the eastern shires and in London.

Old John, the butcher, spent his last happy hours in the house he had built, and it was, naturally, a happy house. There were lovely carvings done in the oak of the panels, and the children of Thomas and Margaret must have spent many joyous hours when the wind was sweeping the Essex flats, chasing in imaginary sport the little "beasties" that peep in and out of the decorations.

Home Spirit of Old England

Children of a later generation could find in the oak carvings the initials M.P., which meant Margaret Paycocke, her house; and could stare at the merchant's badge and the initials T.P., which meant Thomas Paycocke, his house and his commerce.

Many generations have lived there—first Paycockes and then Buxtons, to whom the house descended in marriage. They have loved its beauty and never spoiled it. It stands looking straight on the street, open-eyed, with the upper storey overhanging the lower, as was the habit in Elizabethan houses. The sixteenth century saw a wing added at the back, and the seventeenth century another; but time has healed these differences, and made of the house a fragrant and lovely thing, an embodiment of the home spirit of old England.

An Old English Garden

There is an old English garden at the back, too, where the herbs and plants grew which the successors of Margaret distilled for their home-made medicines and waters; lavender bushes, whose sprigs were laid between the hand-woven sheets in the presses; and flowers that stood in bowls in the rooms, and smiled at the laughter and love of Margaret's great grandchildren.

And what, we may say, has all this got to do with us, save that we may think of it from afar and envy the descendants of Thomas and Margaret, his bride? This—that Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., the owner, has handed over Paycocke's House to the National Trust; and it belongs now to Old England, which is yesterday and today, undivided; and which belongs to you and me as much as to anybody.

SPARROWS AS NEST THIEVES

How Kind People Treat Birds

The following experiences of house martins' nests and the occupation of them by sparrows are from Staffordshire.

A pair of house martins built their nest in a bay window on the north front of our house. When it was nearly finished it was blown down twice, but rebuilt a third time.

Then a pair of sparrows took possession of it and laid three eggs in it, for the soft-billed martins cannot drive the hard-billed sparrows away.

At night, however, I had the sparrow eggs removed so that the nest was not damaged. The sparrows then deserted the nest, and the martins returned to it and brought up a young brood, though rather late in the season.

MILLIONS OF BATS IN A CAVE

Chamber Half a Mile Long

EXPLORERS UNDERGROUND

What is said to be the biggest underground cave ever discovered has just been partly explored, and is said to exceed in size even the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

Its windings and ramifications, as traced so far, are not so extensive as the Kentucky Cave, but its chambers are much more spacious and the cubic contents greater.

This vast cavern is found near Carlsbad, in New Mexico, and has only just been examined, although the presence of a cave of some sort was known in 1901, when swarms of bats were seen to fly from a hole in a hill.

Now the scientists of the United States Geological Survey have entered the cave and found one chamber half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and 300 feet high, full of fantastic rock formations, including columns 100 feet high, glittering with many colours.

Millions of bats inhabit the cave, but otherwise no animal or vegetable life was found. In the mornings and evenings the bats fly about, and the vibrations of their myriad wings make a loud sound like rushing water.

SIX MILLION LIVES

The Tragic Side of the Indian Census

In talking about the recent numbering of the Indian people, to which the C.N. has already referred, Mr. F. H. Brown unfolds a most astonishing story.

First, he says, there has never been such a census in the history of mankind; it is a simultaneous enumeration of one-fifth of the human race. Two million people are employed on the returns, and the papers deal with so great a variety of human beings that as many as 250 languages are written on them.

Forty years ago there were 73 Christians in every 10,000 persons; the figure is now more than double. The Hindus are decreasing in numbers, and the Mohammedans increasing. About 161 males in every thousand can now read and write.

But the most astonishing of all these figures are those which remind us of the influenza epidemic in 1918-1919. That terrible scourge wiped out no fewer than six million people, and thus the population of India stands at the unsuspected low figure of 319 millions.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

No Great Change in the State of Parties

The House of Commons is ready to give the Parliamentary vote to those women who were excluded from it by the great Reform Act of 1918, for it has carried the second reading of a Bill for that purpose by 288 votes to 72.

People are apt to forget what a queer state the law on the subject has been left in. They suppose that all women over thirty have the vote, and that we have only to lower the age to 21 to put them on an equality with men.

They forget that, while every man has a vote if he has lived in one place for a few months, the only women who have a vote are those who occupy land or houses as owners or tenants, or whose husbands do so. Women living with friends, or as lodgers in furnished rooms, have no votes, however old they are.

When the vote was extended to women people were afraid of having more women voters than men.

Since then it has been discovered that women disagree among themselves about politics just as much as men do. No one can discover that giving votes to some women has greatly changed the relative strength of parties, and people are willing to assume that if all women are given votes that will make very little difference either.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is a Pikelet?

A round, thin tea-cake, or muffin, sometimes called a pikelin.

What is a Saker?

It is an old form of cannon of five to twelve pounds calibre. In natural history a saker is a falcon.

Who Were the Hittites?

An ancient people of Western Asia, who about 1,400 B.C. built up a powerful empire which lasted for 200 years.

What is the Size of Sydney Harbour?

It extends 13 miles inland and covers an area of 14,284 acres, or about 22 square miles, with a coastline of 188 miles, and wharves and quays about 25 miles in extent.

Did Dick Turpin Really Live?

Yes; this notorious highwayman was born in Essex in 1706 and executed at York in 1739; but many unfounded legends have clustered round his name.

When was the Last Lion Killed in Britain?

Not in historic times at all; but in the Pleistocene Age, perhaps half a million years or more ago. Its remains have been found in the brick-earth at Crayford, Kent.

Does a Dream Spoil Our Sleep?

Not necessarily; but often dreams are the result of undigested food inside the body or an uncomfortable position, and then, of course, the restfulness of sleep is affected.

What is the Plural of Char-à-banc?

Now that the word has become Anglicised as charabanc, the plural is written charabancs, but strictly in French the expression in the singular is char-à-bancs, and the plural chars-à-bancs.

What is a Hammer-headed Crane?

From a natural history point of view, as stated in a recent C.N., there is no such thing, but in engineering a hammer-headed crane is a German type of giant crane, the movable top of which is in shape something like the head of a hammer.

What is Jack-in-the-Pulpit?

This flower, referred to in a poem on page 3810 of the Children's Encyclopedia, is an American wild flower, known also as the Indian turnip and botanically as *Arisaema triphyllum*. It is a member of the arum family, to which our cuckoo pint belongs. We have heard our cuckoo pint called jack-in-the-pulpit.

Which are the Cinque Ports?

The Cinque, or Five, Ports, are a group of towns in Sussex and Kent which formerly enjoyed certain valuable privileges in exchange for providing help to beat back possible enemies attempting to land on our coasts. They were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandgate; afterwards Winchelsea and Rye were added.

What is the Value of the Queen's Doll's House?

It is one of those things that cannot be priced like clothes and ordinary houses, and in one sense it is beyond price, for if it were destroyed it could hardly be replaced. But for insurance purposes a monetary value had to be placed on it, and this was arbitrarily fixed at a quarter of a million.

Is Snow Frozen Rain?

No. When the air in which a cloud is formed is below freezing point, the tiny particles of water forming the cloud are frozen into crystals of ice, and a number of such crystals cling together and fall as a snowflake. Their white appearance is due partly to the reflection of light from the numerous surfaces of the crystals, and partly to the enclosed air particles.

Why Do M.P.s Wear their Hats in the House?

The practice is a relic of the olden times, when to have the head covered was no sign of disrespect or impoliteness. But the etiquette of the hat which has grown up is curious. A member may wear it when he is in his seat, and he must wear it when speaking to a point of order, but he must remove it when entering or leaving the House or when a message from the Throne is being read.

What Makes a Steel Ship Float?

Although a solid lump of steel sinks because it is heavier than the amount of water it displaces, this steel will float when it is spread out into plates and made into a ship, because then it occupies a large space which is more or less filled with air and light substances, and the whole ship is no heavier than the amount of water displaced by that part which is actually below the water line.

MERCURY

ITS POSITION NEAR THE CRESCENT MOON

Elusive Little World Visible to the Naked Eye

HOME OF EVERLASTING NIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

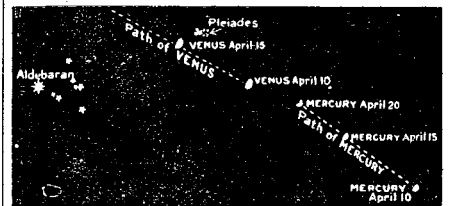
The next two weeks will provide an excellent opportunity for getting a peep at that elusive little world the planet Mercury, for he will not be setting till nearly two hours after the Sun.

The week after next Mercury will remain above the western horizon till past ten o'clock, *summer time*.

Tonight, Saturday night, the crescent Moon will be quite near, almost the same distance above the horizon as Mercury, but, as the Moon sets at seven minutes to eight o'clock, she should be looked for soon after 6.45. The Moon will then be visible as a curved thread of light above, and a little to the left of, where the Sun sets a few minutes before.

Now, if the Moon is followed as she sinks toward the west Mercury may be found to the right of the Moon, about twelve times her own diameter away.

Venus will be far above and to the left, but as next week advances Mercury will get higher in the sky, and, owing to



The relative positions and phases of Mercury and Venus

his much greater speed, approach Venus until, by the following week, say about April 15, he will be but 14 degrees below and to the right of Venus toward the west-north-west horizon. Fourteen degrees is nearly 28 times the Moon's apparent width.

The rare occasions on which Mercury is well placed for observation and the difficulty of finding him in the twilight glow make rather elaborate directions necessary. The rapidity of his movements causes him to vanish quickly from the evening sky, being rarely visible, to the naked eye in Britain, for more than three weeks at a time.

He is travelling just now at about 30 miles a second, compared with Venus's twenty-two. With our world speeding at barely 19 miles a second, Mercury's distance from us varies rapidly.

Planet's Half-Moon Shape

At present he is approaching the Earth, and on April 6 will be nearly a hundred million miles away. But by April 20, when about at his best position for observation, he will be but sixty million miles off, and will appear much larger, and almost exactly "half moon" in shape, as seen through a telescope.

Actually Mercury is only 3000 miles in diameter, compared with the Moon's 2160; and the material of about 18 globes the size of Mercury could be packed inside one the size of our world.

There is much evidence that this little planet is in a similar condition to our Moon. Unlike Venus, there is no trace of an atmosphere; and if, as research so far indicates, Mercury always turns the same face to the Sun as our Moon does to the Earth, that face must be most effectively baked by now.

The other side, that of everlasting night, is now lit up by the planet Venus, and also by our world, which shines in the night sky of Mercury, very much as Venus does to us now.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Jupiter rises about midnight; Mars about 2.30 a.m.; Saturn about 7.30. Venus and Mercury are in the west. On Tuesday evening next, April 8, Aldebaran will appear to pass behind the upper half of the left side of the Moon at 9.47 p.m., reappearing at the right side at 10.33 p.m.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

What Has Happened Before

With the aid of a map drawn by Daniel Boone, a caravan of pioneers is making its way towards Kentucky, led by Joshua Halifax and his seventeen-year-old son, David.

One night the camp is attacked by Shawnee Indians. When they withdraw David volunteers to go out and parley with the chief, Cornstalk.

On his way David meets an Indian boy who speaks English.

CHAPTER 15

A New Friend

THE Indian boy, no less observant than David, had noted every detail of the other's appearance, including the signs of travel.

"Where you go?" he asked.

"To Cornstalk's camp," answered David, now recovered from his first surprise. It was no extraordinary thing for an Indian to speak some English, for the friendly ones had considerable trading relations with the white people, and so learned something of the language.

At David's words the Indian boy's grin became, if possible, wider and still more friendly.

"I Cornstalk's son!" he cried delightedly. "You come alonga me!"

For answer David caught up his snake skin and his gun, and leaped back across the stream to where the Indian stood. He could hardly believe his luck. Cornstalk's son! Surely this friendly greeting augured well for the success of his own mission.

"I Eagle Feather." The Indian boy introduced himself with all the dignity of the well-bred Indian. "I most young son of Cornstalk. Oldest son, Ellinipsice. Other son, Blackfish. Not good. Adopted."

He paused for David to give similar details of his family. David supplied them as they went together toward Cornstalk's camp by a shorter route than that which David had been following.

The name Blackfish echoed in his ears. He had heard of him—a black-browed, sullen warrior who hated the white men. Most of the trouble so far with the Indians had been started by Blackfish. David had a premonition, that was unfortunately only too true, that the name Blackfish meant trouble for him.

"How did your father come to adopt Blackfish?" he asked Eagle Feather.

The Indian boy's frank eyes were troubled as he answered, supplementing his English with signs.

"Many years ago, before I was born, my father found a child wrapped in a blanket at the door of his wigwam. In its hand was a sign showing that it was a gift to him, and should be adopted as his own."

"My father called the wise men of the tribe together, and the medicine men read the signs the spirits gave them, and it was told that the child would grow to be a great and mighty warrior. So my father took him."

Eagle Feather said nothing more. He did not wish to speak ill of his adopted brother. But David was soon to see for himself what havoc the sullen quarrelsomeness of Blackfish could make in the camp of the aged Cornstalk.

David felt a strong and warm friendship growing in his heart for this Indian boy. He had never had an intimate friend of his own age. Sam Simpson was the only possibility in the caravan; and Sam, though a good enough sort, had no strong character, and no special sense of honour. David always felt that in a crisis Sam would crumple up and do the easiest thing, without regard to anyone's welfare but his own.

But this Indian boy—there was pride and truth and loyalty in the

very poise of his head. He would die by slow torture rather than betray a friend. David was sure of that.

They walked swiftly along through the forest. Eagle Feather talked vivaciously of many things, noting all the time, with obvious approval, David's knowledge of woodcraft.

David, on his side, was amazed at how well Eagle Feather spoke English. As a matter of fact, the Indian was learning all the time. Whenever David spoke Eagle Feather listened intently, drinking in the words and storing them up for his own use.

After about three hours' walk, in which time friendship ripened and warmed between them, they came suddenly out of the forest and found themselves on the edge of a tall cliff.

"This is Lookout Cliff," explained Eagle Feather. "Below is Cornstalk's village."

David looked, and saw beneath him what he had come so far to seek. In a level meadow between sheltering cliffs the Indians had pitched their tents. The tents, or teepees, were cone-shaped, made of skins neatly sewn together, painted with bright red or black or blue or yellow figures of animals or men. From the open space at the top of some of them came spirals of white smoke.

"I reckon they're getting dinner down there," said David.

"Hungry?" asked Eagle Feather, with his friendly grin.

David nodded and laughed. It was remarkable how secure and untroubled he felt since he had met Eagle Feather. He felt sure now of the success of his mission. He had not spoken of it to the boy, however, feeling it better to speak first directly to the chief. Eagle Feather, understanding his reticence, had not sought to pry into his reasons for coming.

David, examining the valley below, had noted the settled appearance of the village.

"Are you staying here for some time?" he asked.

"This is our winter camp," replied the Indian boy.

"It's a good one," remarked David. The camp was sheltered from storm by the tall cliffs. A fair-sized stream ran through the meadow, evidently well stocked with fish, for strings of them were stretched from wigwam to wigwam, smoked and drying in the sunlight. Maize, or Indian corn, had been planted, and now waved its long, streaming leaves in the breeze, the height of a man's head.

"Surely," thought David, "there is nothing in that scene to denote preparations for war."

Eagle Feather, who had been unusually silent, turned impulsively to David. His merry black eyes had become serious.

"We must go down to my father," he said. "But first"—he hesitated, and David wondered what made him so intense—"will you be my brother?"

At first David did not wholly understand. But a warm wave of pleasure went over him at Eagle Feather's tone.

"Of course I will be your friend," he said. "I am your friend already."

But the Indian boy meant more than that.

"My friend, yes. But also my brother. My father will adopt you if I ask it."

Now David understood. Eagle Feather was asking him to become a member of the Shawnee tribe, to become the adopted son of the great chief Cornstalk. It was a great honour.

But David shook his head.

"I could not leave my own people," he said. "But I will always be your friend, Eagle Feather."

For a moment a hurt look came into the frank eyes of the Indian boy. But he banished it resolutely.

"My friend-brother, then," he said earnestly. "My life for yours."

"My life for yours!" repeated David, putting out his hand.

The gesture was new to the Indian, but he shook hands in the English way as a seal to the friendship.

CHAPTER 16

The Indian Camp

For a few minutes both stood silent, looking down on the village below. There was a sense of exaltation about them. But had they foreseen the troublous days of war that were to follow, and how, before many months had passed, the lives of all the settlers of Boonesborough—men, women, and little children—were to depend on the keeping of that pact "My life for yours!" they would have gripped hands more earnestly yet.

Luckily for their peace of mind they foresaw nothing, and as Eagle Feather led the way down the steep, jagged path on the face of the cliff both felt only the sense of deep happiness that comes with friendship.

As they reached the village a dozen or so of the mongrel dogs, half-wolf, that the Indians keep, came barking out to meet them. The noise advertised their coming, and the door-flap of many a wigwam was pushed aside by curious squaws.

Eagle Feather led the way proudly to his father's tent. There, it was evident, some minor council was in progress, for all the braves were collected in the clearing before the door.

David noted, however, that there was no sign of war paint among them, and their deliberations seemed to have been unexciting.

At his approach a tall, venerable old man rose to meet him. It was Cornstalk, chief of the Shawnee Indians. He was wrapped in a bright woven blanket. His face was unpainted, and he wore only a few traditional ornaments to show his rank. But there was that in his bearing that gave David a great feeling of awe and veneration.

"Here is a good and great man, the greatest I have ever seen, and the best and wisest, except Daniel Boone," thought the English boy.

"You are welcome," said Cornstalk simply, in his deep, grave voice. With a gesture he dismissed the warriors, and they retired to a little distance to watch curiously the newcomer.

"Thank you," said David. He felt suddenly that his whole journey had been absurd. Cornstalk had given him his word that the settlers should not be attacked, and a child could see that this man was the soul of honour. Still, a thieving expedition of Shawnees had appeared in

the white men's camp, and the matter should be cleared up.

"Tell your mother that a white man has come to us," said Cornstalk to his son.

Eagle Feather, with a smiling nod to David, went into his father's wigwam.

Cornstalk led David to the open doorway of a large teepee, which was evidently used as a recreation and club-room for the braves. He made the boy sit beside him on a bear-skin, and inquired courteously after his family.

"You have a father, and he is well?" asked the chief.

"Yes," said David, "and my mother is well."

"And you have many brothers and sisters?" continued the old chief—it is impossible to describe the kindly dignity with which he put David at his ease.

"Two sisters and a brother younger than myself," answered David. "Nancy, Annabel, and Daniel."

"Nancy, Annabel, and Daniel," repeated the chief, in his deep, grave voice. "The little ones, I hope they are well?"

The wrinkled, bronzed face of the old warrior softened as he put the question. The greatest warrior chief the Shawnee Indians ever had was noted for his love of children.

"They are well, thank you," said David. He wondered why Cornstalk had not asked him his reasons for coming. Perhaps the chief was waiting for him to introduce the subject.

"I have come—" he began, but Cornstalk stopped him with a courteous gesture.

"It is better to talk after eating," he said. "You have come far. You are weary and hungry. The squaws are preparing food."

Indeed, David, who had only eaten a bit of dried venison that morning at dawn, was very hungry, for it was well past noon.

Savoury odours floated through the air from the brass kettles that hung over the fire. The moment Eagle Feather had told his mother of the white boy's arrival a small cyclone began to rage among the tents and round the fire. A dozen squaws, directed by Cornstalk's wife, ran here and there, shouting shrill commands to each other, stripping the ears of maize, washing hominy, preparing buffalo meat.

The American Indians were very proud of their hospitality.

At last the feast was ready, and the squaws, bustling about the fire, served it up in dishes of painted pottery. The food was delicious: venison and corn boiled together and seasoned with peppers and other herbs, roasted buffalo, bear's fat on corn bread, hominy drenched with honey, maple sugar.

Eagle Feather had been invited to eat with his father and the guest. As he sampled each new dish he bowed to David and smiled, as if to indicate that this first meal eaten together was a consecration of their friendship.

But at a little distance David saw a group of warriors whispering together, and glancing toward him with scowling faces. He could not be sure, but they looked liar.

"Who are those braves over there?" he said at last to Eagle Feather.

His friend glanced at them indifferently.

"Just some warriors, returned from hunting, and the medicine men of the tribe."

David had a premonition of danger. He knew those warriors now. It was they who had intended to kill him on his journey, and whom he had tricked with his sleight-of-hand.

What were they plotting with the medicine men? Their scowling faces boded no good. He put down his bowl of corn, his appetite suddenly gone. He was a single white boy in an Indian village swarming with warriors. What was in store for him?

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Famous Historian

At Padua, in the North of Italy, there was born, about four years before Julius Caesar invaded Britain, a boy of whose early life we know practically nothing at all.

He seems to have gone to Rome in his youth, and there he lived most of his days, though in his old age he returned to his native town.

The young man showed great literary gifts, and in an age when writing was patronised by the great his talents attracted the attention of the Roman Emperor, who became his friend and gave him a high position at the Imperial Court.

This was perhaps strange, for the young man never flattered the Emperor, and, indeed, he made it quite clear in his conversation that his personal preference was for the old republican form of Government under which Rome had grown up and become famous.

So great was the reputation of the young author that it is on record that a Spaniard actually travelled all the way from Cadiz to Rome simply to behold him, and then, having gratified his curiosity, the traveller immediately returned home.

The author wrote a great history of the Roman people, but only about a quarter of this has survived and come down to us, though of nearly all the others we possess summaries, so that we can more or less judge of the work as a whole.

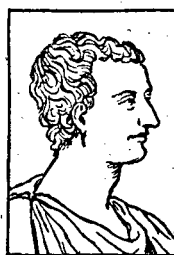
Of course, the great work took him many years to write, and scholars can trace by the style and references the period when each part of the history was composed. The style of the book is regarded as almost faultless. Though simple, it is rich; the narrative runs on like a strong and steady current, and the portraiture is vivid, so that we seem to hear the characters speaking and see the events transpiring before our eyes.

On the other hand, the book is not critical and true history. Rather is it a pleasing narrative to gratify the vanity of the Roman people, though probably the author more or less believed the many legends he wove into his story. He never attempted, however, to test the accuracy of the sources from which he drew his narrative.

He wrote various other works, but these have not come down to us, and it is by his history that he lives in men's minds. He is one of the great classical authors who will always be read for his style, and, though we know little

of the actual facts of his life, we feel we know him and his character from his book.

He died in the fourth year of the reign of Tiberius, when he was 76 years old. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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Now April Comes with Laughter Shining Through Her Tears

DR. MERRYMAN

THE new maid was being given her first lesson in cooking by her new mistress.

"But how shall I know when this cake is done?" she asked.

"Just stick a knife into it," said the housewife, recalling an old cookery book instruction, "and if it comes out clean the cake is cooked."

The maid thought this over for a moment and then, struck by a bright idea, she said:

"Well, ma'am, wouldn't it save us a lot of trouble if we stuck all the knives into it when it is cooked?"

Do You Know Me?

BEFORE and behind, above and below,

Look for and find me wherever you go;

I triumph in sunlight, in darkness I hide,

Yet you're never without me, whatever betide.

I attend on the king in his loftiest state,

Yet on beggars and thieves I am fated to wait.

Quite universal, I wander away, But cannot be taken by night or by day.

Nothing there is in the whole of creation

With which I don't boast the friendly relation.

The world owns my sway, though I've no nationality,

Void of body and soul, I am still a reality.

Answer next week

General Knowledge

A SCHOOLBOY wrote in his examination paper that "an optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet."

WHAT is that which everyone wishes to have and yet tries to get rid of? A good appetite.

Absent Treatment

A MAN who had travelled extensively in all parts of the world was asked if there were any good doctors in China.

"Certainly," replied the globe-trotter, with a smile. "A Chinese doctor once saved my life."

"It happened in this way," he went on. "I was once stricken with fever in a small town in China. My companion called in a native doctor, who gave me some medicine. I got worse."

"Then another doctor was brought to me. He gave me some more medicine, but the only effect was that I became seriously ill."

"My friend then sent for the third and last doctor in the town, but he simply said that he had no time to attend to me, and he did not come. Strangely enough, I soon got better, so I always give that third doctor the credit for saving my life!"

Monograms of the Zoo Animals



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two animals at the Zoo. Can you find out what they are? Solution next week

Do You Live at Rugby?

THE name is spelt in Domesday Book Rocheberie, and means the dwelling of Roc, or Hroca, the name probably of some chief or prominent person who lived there in ancient times.

A Miscalculation



To fish for bees with sugar bait Was Krankum's little notion. He had no wish to cast a line In river, lake, or ocean.

Astride a hive he found a seat, In this new sport delighting. "Now hush!" said he. "Keep very still! The bees will soon be biting."

"Not so!" remarked a sentinel, Who to the spot came winging. "Before the other bees can bite, I mean to do some stinging!"

The Health of Herrings

"WHY do herrings have more disease than other fishes?" a boy asked his teacher.

"But I don't know that they do," was the reply. "Oh, yes!" said the boy. "I have just read that thousands and thousands of herrings were cured every year."

WHEN there is danger of an accident, what is better than presence of mind? Absence of body.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in apple and also in pear,
My second's in stretching and also in tear,
My third is in early and also in late,
My fourth is in captain and also in mate,
My fifth is in naughty and also in nice,
My sixth is in thirdly and also in twice,
My seventh's in rising and also in sink,
My eighth is in clanging and also in clink,
My whole is so restless it never is still,
And though often a friend it may yet work much ill.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Charade Glow-worm

A Puzzle in Rhyme. South Sea Bubble

A Puzzle Letter

Dear Bob, I am glad to tell you that I am starting for Ramsgate on Saturday. Will you go with me? Victor.

Jacko Goes for a Drive

LUCKILY for Jacko, Aunt Matilda never found out about the swing. The old lady had been busy pouring out tea, and, being rather deaf, had not heard all the din.

"I'm sure the school treat was a great success," she said the next morning, and she beamed on Jacko and told him he was a great help to her.

She even went so far as to hint at a little treat for him as a reward, and Jacko spent all the morning planning out the spending of the half-crown he felt sure the old lady was going to give him.

He had just decided he would buy a tortoise, when all his hopes were dashed to the ground, for Aunt Matilda's treat was nothing more or less than a drive in her victoria.

"It will be a great pleasure to me to have your company, my dear," said the old lady; "but you must wrap up well, or you'll catch cold, and your mother will never forgive me."

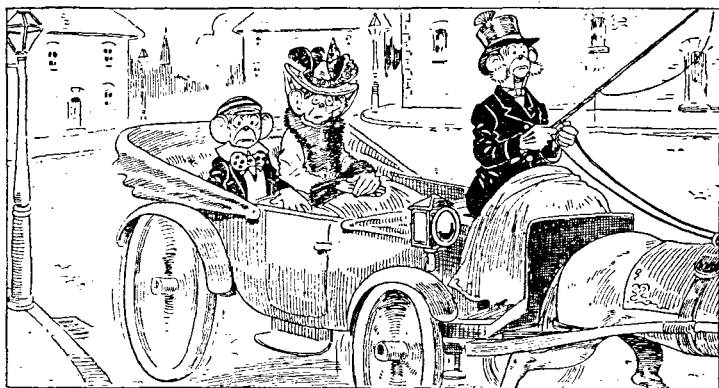
She insisted on Jacko's wearing all his thickest clothes. Then she found a little shawl of her own and made him put it over his shoulders "to keep the draughts out."

Jacko's face was a study. He hated drives—unless he was tearing along the roads in a car, frightening everybody into the ditch. And it was insufferable sitting in a victoria on a warm day with so many clothes on that he could hardly move.

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole place," he muttered. And he dropped the shawl over the side of the victoria the first time the old lady turned her back.

The drive really seemed as if it would never come to an end. Aunt Matilda's fat bay mare was so well fed it would only go at a snail's pace, and every time a car came in sight the coachman drew into the side of the road and they stopped altogether.

It was even worse when they came to the village. Aunt Matilda kept on remembering some shopping she had forgotten the day before, and they stopped outside nearly every shop in the village. They stopped at the butcher's and the baker's



The drive seemed as if it would never end

and the grocer's and the draper's and the fruit-shop and the fish-shop, and Jacko felt quite worn out with helping the old lady in and out of the carriage.

He wouldn't have minded it so much if they had stopped at the sweet-shop, but they didn't. It was the only place they passed at a trot. When they got out into the lanes again Jacko heaved a sigh of relief. He settled down in his corner and thought of home and tea.

But the next moment they stopped again with a jerk. Aunt Matilda had seen some honeysuckle in a field, and nothing would content her but that she must get out and pick it.

It was the last straw. Jacko couldn't stand it any longer. He hopped back into the victoria while the old lady wasn't looking. "Home, James!" he called out, mimicking his Aunt's voice.

It wasn't till they drew up at the front door that the coachman discovered Aunt Matilda had been left behind.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Bringing a Friend to the Doctor

A Plymouth reader returns to the question: Do animals tell each other things?

A relation of mine, who was a doctor in India, tells this story of a dog he treated.

It was a stray dog, and it had a broken leg. He took it in, cared for it, and set the leg. When the dog was well enough to run about again it went back to its home.

About a week later it returned to the doctor's house bringing another dog with a broken leg.

Amenant Son Ami Chez le Docteur

Un lecteur de Plymouth revient à la question: Les animaux communiquent-ils entre eux?

Un de mes parents, qui était médecin aux Indes, raconte cette anecdote d'un chien qu'il a soigné.

C'était un chien errant, qui avait la patte cassée. Il le mena chez lui, le soigna, et remit la patte. Lorsque le chien fut suffisamment rétabli pour pouvoir courir ça et là, il retourna à sa demeure.

Huit jours plus tard il était de retour chez le docteur, amenant un autre chien qui avait la patte cassée.

Tales Before Bedtime

Wooden Shoes

YVETTE was a little French girl. She wore wooden shoes which she called *mes petits sabots*, and an odd cap which stood out from her dark little head like white wings.

Yvette's mother was a washerwoman. But she did not wash her clothes in a wash-tub in her own kitchen, because washerwomen in Brittany do their work in a much more delightful way. She piled all her clothes into a little two-wheeled cart, put a cake of soap on the top of them, trundled her load, to the river bank, and had a nice enjoyable washing-day in the open air.

Yvette went with her, and sat on the bank and sighed very loudly because she hadn't got a little boat to sail.

"I have often thought that a sabot would make an excellent boat," said Barbe, a little girl who also sat on the bank.

"You are right," sighed Yvette. "But if the boat sank? Who would buy us new sabots, my Barbe? And it would not be very amusing to be beaten."

"Stupid!" cried Barbe. "I shall make boats of my sabots!"

"No, Barbe," said Yvette. "If you lose your sabot your poor granny—"

"I name my boat *La Brave Barbe*!" cried Barbe, and she cast one of her wooden shoes on the water and began to run along the bank, prodding it with a stick.

She hadn't gone very far before the little boat, to her horror, drifted out of reach.

"Hélas!" shrieked Barbe, and in a minute Yvette kicked off her sabots, waded into the water, and saved the shoe—and saved Barbe from a beating, too!

It was cold and the stones cut her feet, and something



She prodded it with a stick

pricked her terribly. She picked it up. Why, it was the silver brooch lost by the carpenter's wife when she bent over her washing in the river weeks ago!

Yvette ran all the way to the village to give it back to her, and the carpenter said:

"Little girls who save sabots and find brooches must be rewarded."

Happy Yvette! The carpenter's reward was a little boat called *La Bonne Yvette*.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

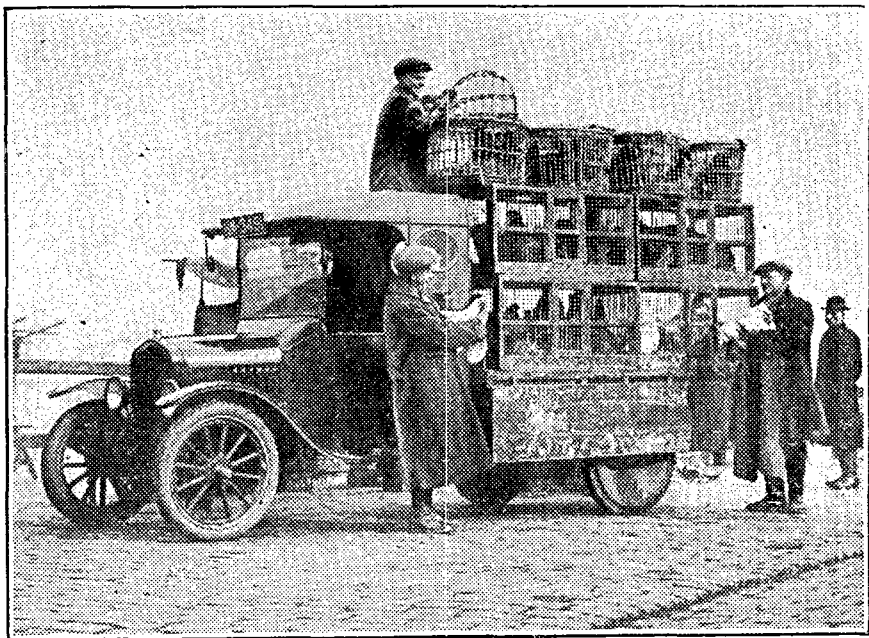
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April 5, 1924

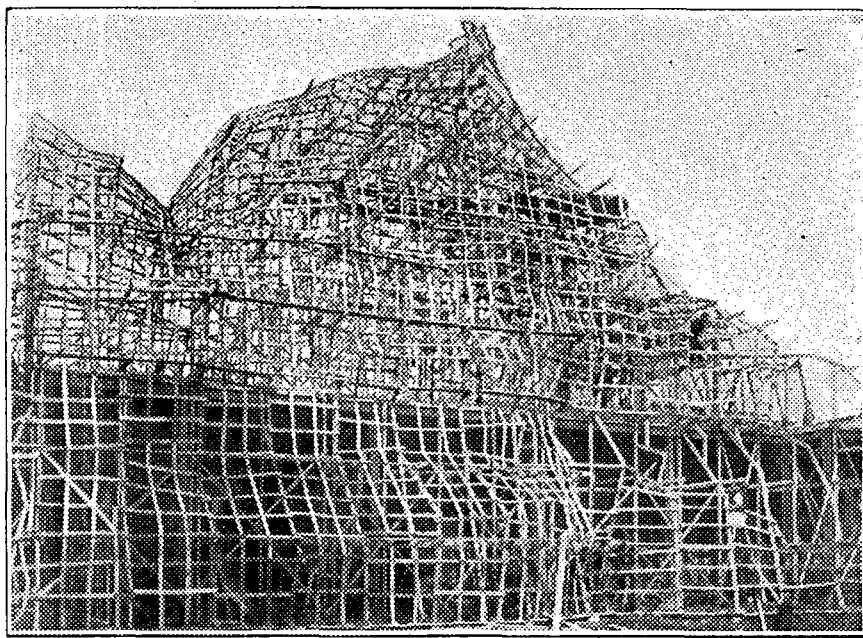
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TRAVELLING POULTRY FARM · CONCRETE HOUSEBOAT · BURGLAR-PROOF DOOR



A Travelling Poultry Farm—This motor lorry has been converted by an East Ham dealer into a poultry farm, which travels round the eastern counties selling eggs and chickens



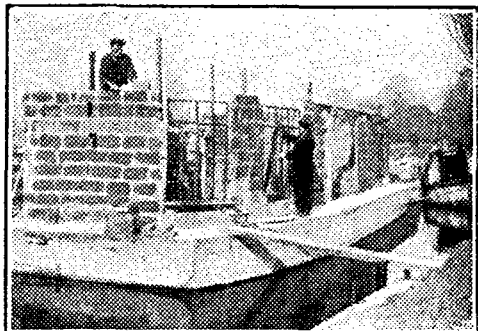
Not the Result of an Earthquake—This is not a Japanese building after the great earthquake, but the skeleton of a mountain being built on the scenic railway at Wembley Exhibition



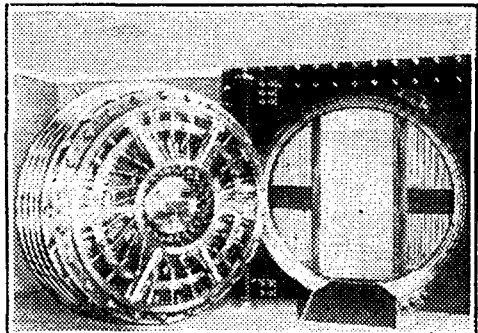
Weighing the Baby—Percy, the eight-months-old baby hippopotamus at the London Zoo, who is now teething, is here being weighed. He kept quiet during the operation and registered 98 pounds



Crocus Time Comes Once More—The crocuses have been making a fine show; and these little children, who were visiting Hampton Court on what is now generally called Crocus Sunday, were great admirers of the beautiful blooms. There is no better show of crocuses in the country than at Hampton Court



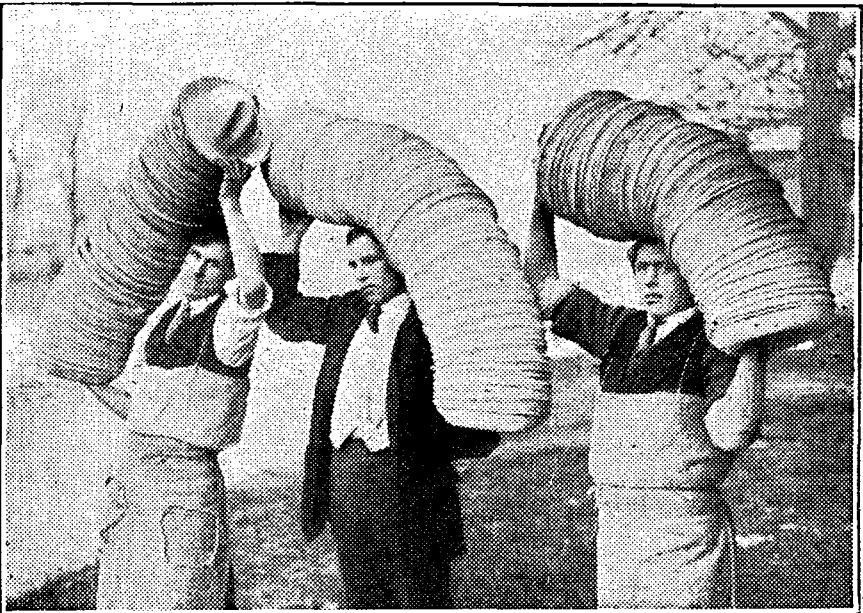
A New Kind of Houseboat—This new type of houseboat on the River Thames is being built of concrete blocks on an old military concrete barge



A Burglar-Proof Door—A modern strong-room door which will form one of the exhibits at the Wembley Exhibition. It weighs thirty tons, is very complicated, and is described as burglar-proof



Spring-cleaning the Marble Arch—The Marble Arch, at the north-east entrance of Hyde Park, in London, has been having a spring clean; and here we see the workman using the hose on the upper part of the structure, which was modelled after the Arch of Constantine at Rome



Getting Ready for the Summer—Panama hats are being turned out in thousands in preparation for the summer; and these men at Elstree, near London, are carrying the hats to the bleaching field to stand them in the sun. The field has a curious appearance with the hats spread out

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE SEEN THE APRIL MY MAGAZINE

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